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Contents for May 1, 1897

NOTES

- IN LOVE'S CONFESSIONAL G. E. WOODBERRY
THE CAPTIVES LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY
RUSE DE GUERRE H. H. BENNETT
A LITTLE BOY OF DREAMS BEATRICE WITTE
AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT POLE ANN DEVOORE

REVIEWS

- AN AMERICAN IN AFRICA
AN AMERICAN IN CUBA
A COMPLETE ANGLER
A BOOK OF YOUTH
PROFESSOR GRIFFIS'S COREA
THE STORY OF AMERICAN COALS
MR. PEMBERTON'S LATEST
"AN EXTRA SUPPLY OF BONES"
THE PROBLEM OF MISS CORELLI

- THE SHOGGY-SHOOW WINTHROP PACKARD
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" CLARENCE ROOK
CORRESPONDENCE
A RIVAL TO THE AMERICAN HOME
MAGAZINE CLARA E. LAUGHLIN
WHAT MAISIE KNEW, XVIII, XIX
HENRY JAMES

SUPPLEMENT

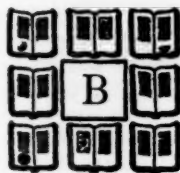
- LITERARY GREENS MAURICE THOMPSON
REVIEWS

- CANADIAN HISTORY
A MINOR TREASURY OF BRITISH POETRY
CIRCUS FOLK
FIFTY YEARS OF INDIA
WELL-CONSIDERED MISGUIDANCE
SOME SIMPLE VERSES
THE ECONOMY OF ROMANCING
A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS
TINSEL

BOOKS RECEIVED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NOTES



Y virtue of some years spent in not publishing books Mr. Edward Bellamy has come to deserve a distinction he would not have attained by many volumes. *Looking Backward* had a success which would have plunged most men headlong into the arms of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for a collected edition, after a spirited and semi-annual issue of books. But Mr. Bellamy, having for the moment delivered his message, was silent. He deserves from the public proof that it has not forgotten him. *Looking Backward* was a sensation, and in many quarters called sensational. Whatever *Equality*, the new book, may be like, its author's motives, as a result of his past reticence, are unimpeachable. In whatever form he may put his message, Mr. Bellamy has given earnest that he writes because he believes there is something to be said, not merely because there is a bank account to be increased.

Meanwhile, others have not been idle. The editor of *Pearson's Magazine* has been investigating the rate at which various English writers compose. The result is rather portentous, unless one has abiding faith in the virtues of a "fine frenzy" and considerable scorn of the *labor limæ*. In one day it is the habit of Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Frankfort Moore, and Mr. W. L. Alden to write 4,000 words. "John Strange Winter's" figure varies from 3,000 to 4,000; Dr. Conan Doyle's, from 1,500 to 2,000. Mr. Max Pemberton's is 1,500; Mr. William Le Queux's, the same; and Sir Walter Besant's, 1,000. The criticism "John Oliver Hobbes" would probably make on these confessions is contained in her own. She is accustomed to write at the average rate of 150 words a day. Some writers are too irregular in their habits to be able to estimate. Mr. Crockett has done as many as 5,000 and as few as 800 words. Mr. Hall Caine does perhaps 6,000 in three or four days.

It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith.

In the course of time Americans are likely to suffer the tremor and agitation which "The Celtic Renaissance" has been causing in London literary circles. The publication of *The Evergreen* in Edinburgh by Professor Geddes was the tangible and militant mani-

festation of the movement, whose best-known names are W. B. Yeats and Fiona Macleod. Lately, considerable turmoil was created because it was announced that Edinburgh was preparing a collected edition of Miss Macleod's works. This seemed to be carrying the thing rather too far, as the lady has been known only three years, and is, at best, responsible for only four or five volumes. The critics protested (as they did not at Mr. Max Beerbohm's plesantry of calling his initial volume *The Works of Max Beerbohm*). Mr. William Sharp corrected the statement by alleging a mere revision and reissue of the books. But the spirit of adventure was abroad, and it was next asserted that Miss Macleod was a mere fiction, had never been seen, and in fact masked Mr. William Sharp, who claimed cousinship with the unknown, and had been writing auto-criticism in dealing with her. It was rejoined that she moved, young and beautiful, in Edinburgh's best society, and could climb mountains to admiration. The question probably arose from the fact that Mr. Sharp and Miss Macleod have very similar handwritings, and enliven their pages by the use of the same brand of vivid purple ink. At any rate, the tempest, though small, was amusing.

The typical bibliophile is a modest and a retiring person, at least when no auction is in progress. At all times something of secretiveness pertains to the character, and he shuns a revelation of his sources of supply. If this were not so, almost any collector could write a startling essay *On the Undesirability of Descendants*. He would argue—granting him to be unselfish as well as honest—that in self-defense men of genius should resist the impulse to marry and propagate; and he would maintain the thesis with impressive anecdotes, showing the promptitude with which heirs get rid of things that the first owner held sacred. For instance: A Boston teamster conveyed to a Cambridge "dump," the other day, a wagon-load of letters and the like that had belonged to a man who, as statesman and scholar, enjoyed the friendship of innumerable celebrities. When the teamster "touched a match to the stuff," as he graphically phrased it, a pious hand snatched a few of the sheets that lay nearest. These proved to include such trifles as seven letters from Lowell, thirteen from Whittier, and more than twenty from Holmes,—not to mention autograph "examples" of Locker-Lampson, Charles Sumner, Dr. Parsons, John Pendleton Kennedy, and men of lesser note. The remainder of the wagon-load vanished in flame and smoke.

It is not to be disputed that old letters, like old books, take up room and collect dust. Housemaids, and other persons who consider life from the point of view of the "second girl," have little taste for such impedimenta. Moreover, no one denies that these letters might have been put to worse use than

material for a bonfire. They might have been withheld from the scavenger who drives a cart, and turned over to some other scavenger who manufactures biographies. Perhaps, indeed, criticism should be forborne in view of the fact that they were not, like the books of certain other eminent Bostonians, hustled to the auction-room. The thrifty heir is, on the whole, a more depressing spectacle than the heir that is overmastered by the house-cleaning passion.

Left to a library, the letters might have been preserved: and they might not have been. Recent experience proves that the librarians of great institutions will join the unholy scramble for blood-money, and, on the poor plea that they have "duplicates," gut the private libraries that were willed to be kept intact. Therefore our essayist might demand, if there is no middle course, if a man's books and manuscripts must be burned or sold, if even a librarian, receiving them in bulk, is helpless against the temptation to gain ten cents by selling the volume of which he already has a copy,—what is a man to do? If he considers precedent, he will perceive it futile to expect that, by way of tribute to his memory, his books shall be kept together. That would be sheer sentimentalism: and heirs and librarians are never sentimental. Shall one go through his own treasures with fire and sword? Shall he, in the interest of decency, exterminate his family? Or shall he not rather refuse to rear a family? Better—one must conclude—that the great man live unaccompanied, and spare his shade the pangs that must be felt even in Paradise when inheritors of his own blood begin to chaffer with the junkman!

The literary jingo has again bobbed up on the Pacific Coast. In a recent issue of the San Francisco *Examiner*, Mr. F. B. Millard rages at some length over the Californian inappreciation of Californian work. "Literary disloyalty here is not merely passive, but aggressive. Many of us would sooner read a bad story of southern California by a cheap English writer than a good one by Margaret Collier Graham, and will urge the merits of common work by common foreigners and common Easterners rather than uncommon work from such uncommon minds as Ambrose Bierce and Emma Frances Dawson."

"Our literary disloyalty," Mr. Millard continues, "is getting to be well known in the East. A gentleman who had written an excellent novel of Californian life recently showed me a letter from a publisher in which were these words:

"Your book has admirable qualities, and we like it very much. You have the misfortune, however, to have written it in a way that should appeal more to Californians than to others. The experience

of publishers of purely Californian works is that they invariably run behind in sales. In California, where one would naturally expect to have good sales for such a work, very few copies could be sold. Your people do n't support their writers, no matter how clever they may be."

If it be true that Californians refuse to recognize good work done by their own people, we gladly join our anathema to the *Examiner's*, but the fact remains that a good book does not depend on the place of its publication for its success. Indeed, it makes little difference whether a book comes from Portland, Maine, or Topeka, Kansas, and it is unreasonable and absurd to maintain that because a book is issued in San Francisco, it should necessarily be read there. The economics of publication and distribution may demand that the production of books which hope for anything more than a local appeal should be concentrated in a few large cities, but a really good book will succeed anywhere. It is, after all, the book that counts, and why we should complain because we do not find as much pleasure in the works of some obscure Californian as in those of men famous the world over for the things they have achieved, is beyond our understanding.

Mr. Millard's raging about the lack of appreciation of native writers brings up the perennial question of literary centers. Can Malta Bend, Missouri, be a literary center, even if it does encourage its own writers? Is the environment of people who recognize his own work all an artist demands? Can San Francisco be so stimulating as to keep her artists once they become somewhat independent? Can Chicago? Can Bosson? Can New York? As a matter of fact, most American literary men outside New York would like to be there. A large proportion of New York writers would prefer London, and a good part of London longs for Paris.

Chicago is an admirable subject for investigation, and perhaps the moment has come when a few plain truths may well be publicly acknowledged. By reading Sir Walter Besant in *The Author*, by noting the amiable fancies on the subject of which Chicago correspondents deliver themselves before London literary clubs, and by reading chance articles in the Western press, one may gain an extraordinary idea of Chicago as a literary center. Chicago *does* support Chicago authors. It buys their books largely. It sets thousands of its women, banded together in clubs, to studying their work. It believes in Chicago as a literary center. And meanwhile almost every writer who stays here does so by force of circumstance, rather than from inclination. Every year there are more writers, and more who cannot go away, and in time the atmosphere may excite artists to their best endeavor.

There is nothing more deluding to the poor disciple of the literary bureaus than the occasional notice in the papers of the fabulous prices received by Mr. Kipling and Mr. Anthony Hope for their writings. It is the encouragement which leads to utter despair, and not even Sir Walter Besant's worthy Society of Authors can overcome the inevitable disappointment. In the light of these tales of fortune, the actual accounts of authors and publishers are interesting and instructive reading. In the last issue of *La Revue Blanche*, M. Auguste Cordier gives some illuminating extracts from Stendhal, and in spite of the years gone by, conditions are not much changed.

In 1817 Stendhal published his *Lives of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastase*. He was forced to pay the expenses of publication himself. The loss was \$358. Later in the same year he issued, also at his own expense, the *History of Painting in Italy*: loss, \$354. Three years later he published *De l'Amour*. This was in two volumes, and although the publisher paid for the manufacture, the book had no sale, and Stendhal received nothing. After that, things improved. In 1826 he was paid \$200 for two volumes; in 1827, \$240 for three volumes; in 1829, \$300 for two volumes; in 1831, \$300 for two volumes. During the next eight years he received \$812 Altogether. In twenty-two years, from the publication of his first book until he had issued *La Chartreuse de Parme*, and was famous, Stendhal's entire receipts from his writings amounted to \$1,140, an average of \$50 a year. And yet people wondered that he did not leave his sister a fortune.

Now that a balm has been found for Mr. Joseph Pennell's lacerated feelings by the payment of \$250, and a legal decision that a lithograph and a "transfer-lithograph" are artistically the same things, there would be no need of calling attention to the action brought by him for libel against the editor of the *Saturday Review* and the art-critic, Mr. Sickert, but for the humors to which the trial incidentally gave rise. Here, as on several previous notorious occasions, Mr. Whistler graciously assumed the cap and bells for the entertainment of the lovers of epigram, and the mystification of the twelve honest men and true who acted as special jurymen in the process. Mr. Whistler seemed to have been in excellent form, and recalled the spirit of his best days, when he was making enemies by those gentle arts of which he is a past master. In furtherance of clearness it may be noted, in passing, that Mr. Pennell discovered that he felt very badly over some remarks made upon his illustrations for an edition of Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, by Mr. Sickert, who further aggravated the offense by printing them in the *Saturday Review*. We have examined the critic's article, and have been impressed less by the venomous character of the libelous passage, than by the ex-

treme moderation of the whole production. Unfortunately, Mr. Pennell does not possess our serenity. He did not relish having any one call his attention to the impropriety of describing a transfer-lithograph as a genuine lithograph; nor was he able to receive with complacency the invitation to reread an article he once wrote upon Professor Herkomer in the course of which he reminded the Professor that photo-zinc reproductions of pen-drawings are not etchings.

The only feature of the detail of the past which he was willing to re-enact was to imitate the Professor, and bring suit for libel against his critic and the editor of the journal which sheltered the objectionable article. Mr. Whistler's services were invited, and lavishly contributed during the first day of the trial. His manner was, as usual, airy and contemptuous; his logic deliciously inconsequential. Whether it had any direct influence on the special jurymen is a question into which it is not necessary to go. His asides, certainly, were received with peals of laughter by the public. Mr. Brigham, who appeared for Mr. Sickert, asked the witness if he objected to being called, as he was in the libelous *Saturday Review* article, "a genius." "It depends on what source it comes from," answered Mr. Whistler airily. "Do you object to Mr. Sickert saying so?" asked Mr. Brigham. "It is a very proper observation for him to make, and I have no objection," retorted the witness. Mr. Whistler protested his sympathy for Mr. Pennell in his present affliction, but disclaimed any pecuniary connection with his suit for libel. Asked if there was any truth in the idea that he was sharing the costs, he answered: "Nothing, but the lightness and delicacy of the suggestion," and scored another titter from the audience. It strikes us that the editor and the critic of the *Saturday Review* by the payment of \$250 to Mr. Pennell, were not overcharged for their amusement.

Having in mind solely the dignity of the craft, and the reputations of the industrious literary geniuses, we pointed out, a while ago, that authors could not afford to dispose of their work to the syndicates unconditionally, since by so doing their signatures were frequently exploited as "features" in our discredited and vulgar "yellow journals." What was good business on the part of the syndicates was loss of prestige, in the future at all events, with the authors. The necessity of such precaution on the part of authors for some form of control over their own work seemed self-evident, and it was our confident belief that the suggestion would recommend itself to the profession generally, and would especially commend itself to our "reformers." In this THE CHAP-BOOK was unfortunately mistaken. Defending the dignity of the literary craft, it ran afoul of what appears to be one of Dr. Parkhurst's favorite principles. The eminent divine, and loqua-

cious champion of social regeneration, does not, so far as is known, deal with the publishers and the editors through the syndicates. Directness is his rule of conduct, as of speech. Therefore, the Doctor peddles his own wares; and it has not escaped the attention of the observant that he has manifested of late a decided preference for Sunday editors, and not for the editors of reputable Sunday journals either, but for the ripest specimens of degeneracy. Mr. Hearst has not as yet publicly announced that the Madison Square divine is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Journal*, but there is an impression abroad that if the relation is not actual, an understanding exists between the proprietor of the "yellow" abomination and the clergyman, which amounts to the same thing.

If the inference is incorrect, nothing is easier made than a correction. Nothing certainly could be more interesting to the curious than for the Doctor to explain the processes by which his patronage of decadent journalism has been reconciled with his ardent zeal for social reform. Meanwhile, it may be noted that on the rare occasions when the journalizing ministers of the Gospel have been taunted into speaking of their reprehensible practice, they have invariably drawn a distinction between writing for a degenerate newspaper as a member of its staff, and writing for it as an occasional contributor. They pretend to be greatly distressed that their fine rhetoric and weighty "messages" should be exploited as Sunday "features," and sadly protest their inability to control the actions of the editor, who, having purchased their "copy" (it is needless to add for a generous consideration), is at liberty to use it wherever and whenever he chooses. Sir Edwin Arnold challenged this right when his polyglot Muse was tricked into declaiming in the interests of Bovril. To be sure, there have been more complete incarnations of common sense than is represented in Sir Edwin's case, but, for all that, he was on the right track when he entered suit for the recovery of his misappropriated property; and the yellow-journal divines might do worse than follow his example.

The death of William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic) has again called public attention to the enormous vogue which may be attained by an author whose work neither claims nor obtains attention as "literature." Oliver Optic has been probably the most widely read of American authors. From the age of thirty-four to that of seventy he wrote steadily and produced about 130 volumes and more than 1,000 short stories. (Of course, the wonder is that the rate of production should have been so long continued. Mr. Clinton Ross, for example, among our younger writers, is producing at a much higher rate, but it is questionable whether he or the public can allow this to continue for forty years.) Of Oliver Optic's books more than 2,000,000 copies have been

sold. Yet they were never widely advertised, their appearance was never "an event," they were never reviewed in the critical journals. The case is curiously characteristic of Anglo-Saxon civilization. This was no success of the salacious, such as the incredible popularity of Albert Ross. Mr. Adams was a benevolent, kindly old gentleman, and his readers at farm and fireside loved his books for their "heart to heart" qualities. He was not a bad writer; he was not a good writer. But he had the rare good fortune to be ignored by the critics.

The paradox of the publishing trade is the triumph of the unadvertised, the success of the uncriticised. In speaking of periodicals we must talk of the submerged nine tenths. The magazines which never rise to the surface are the ones which permeate the country; the papers which the critics have never seen are as household words throughout the land. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is the most widely read of the known magazines. It is the best example of what its class may hope to attain. In Lord & Thomas's *Advertisers' Directory* it is rated at 739,507 copies. This, of course, is a tremendous circulation, and indeed the business success of this publication has been amply commented upon. But this figure sinks into comparative insignificance beside 1,252,325, which is the circulation of the monthly magazine, *Comfort*, published in Augusta, Maine. We have never seen a copy of *Comfort*, nor heard its name upon the lips of any human being, yet it is the most widely read publication of the country. An advertisement in this same *Directory* asserts that it is "the only monthly in the world printed in five bright lithographic colors," which is the only specific information we have been able to obtain on the subject.

The publicly known magazines do not always furnish information as to their circulation, but for the present comparison approximate figures will serve. *Munsey's* claim is for half a million. *McClure's* and the *Cosmopolitan* send out 300,000 copies each. *Harper's* we find put down at 175,000, *The Century* something over 150,000, *Scribner's* and *Frank Leslie's* perhaps 125,000. These figures are considerable. Yet *The Heartstone* of New York is rated at 600,000, *The Delineator* at 500,000, *The People's Home Journal* at 315,000, *The Ladies' World* at 379,800, *The Home Treasury* at 200,000, *Hours at Home* at 210,000, *Fashions* at 200,000, *The American Nation* at 160,000, *The Fireside Gem* at 140,000, *Good Literature* at 191,000. These figures must be flattering to the metropolitan pride of New York, yet we cannot but feel that Augusta, Maine, is the real publishing center of our country. Besides *Comfort*, with its million and a quarter, it has *Illustrated Good Stories*, 479,000; *Hearth and Home*, 392,800; *Illustrated Happy Hours*, 351,000; *Vickery's Fireside Visitor*, 330,000; and *Home Treasury*, 200,000.

In the West, Chicago makes a fair showing with *The Saturday Blade* (said to circulate mostly in rural Texas), 275,000, and the *Chicago Ledger*, 140,000. Springfield, Ohio, however, seems to mark the natural course of the Star of Empire. There are published *Farm and Fireside*, 315,000; *The Woman's Home Companion*, 223,000; *Farm News*, 100,000; *Womankind*, 60,000.

The domesticity of the names shows with what affection these publications must be cherished, and is almost as disheartening as the figures of the circulation. Not alone must the Messrs. Harper Brothers sorrow over their 175,000. *The Atlantic Monthly*, 15,000, cannot comfortably learn that in Cedar Falls, Iowa (where the Cherry Sisters come from), *Good Things*, a monthly literary magazine, has arrived at nearly the same figures.

IN LOVE'S CONFES- SIONAL

ONLY the lily shall shrive me
Of my passion and my pain;
Only the rose shall revive me
From death unto life again.
O lily, white to see,
O rose of mystery,
Hear me confess!

I was a lover from birth, —
Flower of the earth!
Love's thoughts were mine from a boy, —
Flower of love's joy!
Love's words were mine through youth, —
Flower of love's truth!
Love's deeds were mine, man-grown, —
Flower of love's throne!
Thoughts, words, deeds, were his, —
Flower of one bliss!

I was a lover from birth, —
Flower of the earth!
My thoughts were love's from a boy, —
Desire, not joy!
My words were love's through youth, —
Prayer, not truth!
My deeds were love's, man-grown, —
Defeat, not his throne!
Thoughts, words, deeds, were his, —
Pain, not bliss!

From my thoughts in which love sighs,
From my words in which love cries,
From my deeds in which love dies,
White lily, shrive me!
With love's thoughts wherefrom joy springs,
With love's words wherein truth sings,
With love's deeds wherewith heaven rings,
My rose, revive me!

G. E. WOODBERRY.

THE CAPTIVES

THE lions at the Zoo "bring sad thoughts to the mind"; they chiefly, for they are the most impressive figures among our poor hostages. The pretty moons of color, cream or bronze, pulsating along their tawny sides, seem but so many outer ripples of a heart-ache subtle enough to move your own. Couchant, with a droop of the bearded chest, or erect, with an eternal restless four steps and back again, they drag through, in public, their defeated days. It is inconceivable that we should attach the idea of depravity to a lion. Surely, it is no count against him that he can kill those of us who are adjacent, and juicy! In the roomy name of reciprocity, why not? Yet what he can do, he leaves undone. A second glance at him corrects inherited opinion:

"I trow that countenance cannot lie."

Benignity sits there, and forbearance; else we know not what such things mean. Those golden eyes, pools of sunlit water, make one remember no blood-curdling hap; but rather the gracious legendry of long ago: how a lion buried the Christian penitent in the lone Egyptian sands, and another gambled in the thronged Coliseum, kissing the feet of the Christian youth, when the task laid upon him, in his hunger, was to rend his body in twain. Something about the lion reminds one of certain sculptured Egyptian faces. This great intellectual mildness, when blended with enormous power (power which in him must be expressed physically, or we were too dull to feel it), appears to some merely sly and sinister. Incredible goodness we label as hypocrisy. For the ultimate quality in the expression of the lion is its sweetness. He may be, as one hears him called, the king of brutes, but the gentleman among brutes he is, beyond a doubt. He has tolerance, dignity, and an oak-leaf cleanliness. With passing accuracy, Landor or William Morris is often described as "leonine"; but the real lion-men of England are the thin and mild dynamos: Pitt, Newman, Nelson. In these are the long austere lines of the cheek, the remote significant gaze, the look of inscrutable purpose and patience. As Theseus says, smiling upon his Hippolyta, of the lion in the masque of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "A very gentle beast, and of good conscience"!

Year after year, so long as the splendid creatures are cheapened "to make a Roman holiday," they move not so much under protest as with black sullen fatalism. We have all seen them rise to the lash in the hands of a spangled circus female, who must end, forsooth, by inserting her pomatumed head in their too-enduring jaws; and it is not unusual for them to spring at the just-closed door, with the fell strength of that soft and terrible left fore paw. Their action is, of course, perfunctory; and since they are notoriously brave, and not to be cowed, obedience in

them has a strange pathos. They are trained to sit up, and roll barrels, and fire cannon, and jump hoops; yes, even to scowl and swear, to the terror of "men, women, and Herveys," between the scenes of their bitter comedy; yet the clown's circumstance cannot touch a hair of those mournful magnific heads. Their sleep is broken with poked umbrellas, and a patter of foolish nuts and cookies; and, from a dream of the fragrant jungles and the torrents of home, they come anew upon the cyclorama of human faces, and the babble of foreign tongues. They live no longer from hand to mouth, as they do in their native haunts; their needs, nay, their whims, are studied and gratified; they serve painters, naturalists, schoolboys; they give employment; they call forth thought, love, courage. And many sympathizers and well-wishers are short-sighted enough to congratulate caged animals, and think them happily circumstanced. Your point of view depends, perhaps, on how much passion for out-of-doors, for solitude, is in your own blood; and on your sense of the lengths to which human interference may go with the works of God. We give lives subjected to our laudable curiosity strange exchanges; for moss knee-deep, and the dews and aroma of the woody ground, a raised sawdust floor; and for an outlook through craggy glens,

"Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,"

a whitewashed wall, seven feet high, a stucco sky which has not the look of Nubia, nor Barbary, nor Arabia any more.

Our father Adam is said to have dwelt in peace with all the beasts in his Garden. And there is no evidence in the Mosaic annals that it was they who became perverted, and broke faith with man! Marry, man himself, in the birth of his moral ugliness, set up the hateful division, estranged these inestimable friends, and then, unto everlasting, pursues, maligns, subjugates, and kills the beings braver, shrewder, and more innocent than he. He has wrested from its beautiful meaning his "dominion over them." Power made him tyrannous, and tyranny bred in its victims hate and revenge and fear, and from the footfall of man all creation flees away, unless, indeed, as in Swift's most telling allegory where the cultured Houyhnhnms may succeed in subjecting the Yahoos. For man alone is the fallen angel of the lower order:

"The King, from height of all his painted glory"

has sunk into vulgar dreams of coercion, breathing dual impiety against his Maker and his mates. Save him, there is no other perverted animal; not one clad otherwise, or minded otherwise, than his archetype. Men in sealskins; women in swansdown, with heron-aigrettes; children in cocoon-spun silk, their hands and feet in strange sheathings torn from the young of the goat and the cow;—what are these but ludicrous violators of the decencies of the

universe? If there be beasts in Heaven "with eye down-dropt" upon the temperate and polar zones, they cannot lack diversion. It is, moreover, part of our plot to deny them immortality, and to attempt to interpose our jurisdiction, in such abstruse matters between them and their author, towards whom they yet bear an unshamed front. For man the animal is but a beggarly lump. He has never shown himself so provident as the ant, so ingenious as the beaver, so faithful as the dove, so forgiving as the hound. His senses are eternally below par; his artistic faculties are befogged. The humblest thrush is an architect and musician by eldest family tradition, while it takes him a thousand years to conceive an ogee arch and a viol d'amore. And having driven from his pestilential company the whole retinue of dear esquires, he began shamefacedly to reclaim them to his service. The horse came back, generously hiding his apprehensions; the pig and the hen mechanically, at the prospect of free bed and board; the dog with his glad conciliation; the cat with her aristocrat reserves. These abide with us, suffer through us, are persuasive and voluble, and endeavor to reconcile us with the great majority of wild livers, from whom we are divorced. In vain do they so press upon us our own lack of logic. We address them individually: "You, O immigrant, are personally pleasing unto me, but your fellows, your blood-relations, your customs in your own country,—*ach Himmel!*" Our popular speech insults them at every turn: "as silly as a goose," "as vain as a peacock," "as ugly as a rat," "as obstinate as a mule," "as cross as a bear," "as dirty as a dog," "as sick as a dog," "to be hanged like a dog," "a dog's life," "Cur!" "Puppy!" Surely, no class of creatures, unless Jews in the twelfth century, has ever undergone such groundless contumely. Every word of Shylock's famous plea stands good for them, as also its close. "If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and, if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that." When we hear of a writer who advises the practice of "courtesy" towards animals, and of a little girl who hoarded up wisdom from the speech of a turtle, our memories couple them as Alice—and Sir Arthur Helps—in Wonderland. If it be in *Utopia* alone that murderous "sport" is impossible, and that only there it breeds rational pity when, after a day's run, "a harmless and fearfull Hare should be devoured by strong, fierce, and cruell Dogges," how far are we not from the time when modern conscientiousness shall make us just even to the exiles pent in a menagerie? Our laws deal with these in a spirit of the most flagrant injustice. While every jury allows for reprisals, when dealing with human crime, no biped else, and no quadruped, with however blameless a record, under whatever

provocation, can be allowed an instant's hearing, when so much as suspected of a transgression. A leopard here at the Zoo revolts, perhaps for no specific cause. He is tired of being enslaved, and would resume sincerity. He offends; he is executed, leaving ineradicable influences among the cages, as if their Danton had gone by, audible again: "*Que mon nom soit flétri; que la France soit libre!*" Or the keeper abominably abuses a certain elephant, a very saint for patience, a genius for cleverness, a hero for humor; and six years after, the same elephant, in another duchy, spies his old tormentor, winds his lithe proboscis about his waist, and neatly cracks him against a wall. A dozen influential persons plead, as defense for the assassin, his unparalleled nobleness of character; but the public blood is up: he has to die. To some reforms we shall never come, for thought about them is deadened in us by the operation of our accursed generic pride. Our codes approximate too painfully to the largeness of the universal plan. We have, indeed, conceived of other suns, other systems, than ours; but the hope is slight that we can ever admit beasts, not to certain terms of equality with our own esteemed species, but even to the personal pronoun, and a place in the divine economy. Arrogance is bad for us, and bad for them. The very bliss of power is to protect and forbear; could we learn it, we might, perhaps, inspire it in the shark, the jackal, and the butcher-bird. Meanwhile, in the maintenance of penal laws against our Ishmaels, it can at least be argued that, as yet, we know no better. As we are drowned in ignorance, it is inconceivable that we shall be hanged for sacrilege. Could we analyze the impressions of uncultivated persons, received from the centaurs in the Parthenon frieze, or the Sphinx of elder Egypt, we should probably discover that these are looked upon as mere monsters: a compound of man and horse, or of woman and lioness, the conception of which is abhorrent and distressing to the mind. (It is to be hoped that there are "stuck-up" horses and lionesses to adopt the responsive view.) But the artists of the race, from the world's beginning, souls of a benign fancy, have gone on creating these mythic "monsters." Long-eared fauns abound, and mermaids with silver and vermilion scales, and angels borne on vast white gull-like wings: dear non-anatomical shapes, for the most part, full of odd charm, and of a spiritual application, which will last out until we are humble and humorous enough to read it. Now, on second thought, can we fail to see gravest changes adumbrating the subject. The Latin nations lag behind in conciliations, and England leads. There were not many, long ago, who passed the fraternal word to beasts: those who did so, Sidney, More, Vaughan, were the flower of their kind, and not without suspicion of "queerness." Lord Erskine, less than three generations back, suffered great obloquy for his championship of what we are almost ready to

concede as the "rights" of animals. Coleridge was well laughed at for saluting the ass's little foal as his brother. But Burns was not laughed at for his field-mouse, nor Blake for his fly. And there is no single characteristic of modern life so novel, so significant, as the yearning affectionateness with which our youngest poets allude to fauna, and so adorn a moral. The habit has grown with them, until every Pan's pipe breathes sweet pieties to the less articulate world. A line of Celia Thaxter's, addressed to a mussel on the stormy Maine strand, has been their unconscious key-note.

"Thou thought of God! . . . what more than thou am I!"

For Darwin has come and gone, and cut our boast from under us.

On their own part, how benevolent are the estranged allies far away! how ready to resume "the league of heart to heart" with some soul a little primal! Any one, indeed, may tame a wild thing by no deeper necromancy than a succession of suppers and kind words. Animals are disinterested also, and ready to serve without rewards. Ravens are gentle marketers for Elijah; the lions purr about the prophet Daniel; the shyest fish swim into Thoreau's hand; S. Francis, in the tenderest of folk-tales, goes out to the hills, and reasons with the wicked wolf who sacks the Umbrian villages. He offers him free and ample maintenance, promises him immunity from the hunters, and brings him down among the women and children, to pledge himself to better behavior on his apologetic paw. S. Francis was not a very great fool: he was only Adam sane again, and interharmonized with the physical universe. The majority of infants still show pleasure at the sight of a beetle, or a toad. Of course, their grasp kills it; but that is not voluntary, as the pleasure is. The fatuous parents, however, are certain to change all that: toads, be it known, produce warts, and beetles sting. A lizard on a tree-trunk, a mink in the creek, a delicate gray squirrel on the stone wall (charming persons exclusively minding their own business), are at all times providentially provided for our sweet little boys to kill. Strange that, whereas, by Tigris and Euphrates, we creatures had our communications with creatures in one kindly language, we should now roam over the face of the earth, everywhere accosting our demonstrable superiors with a gun! Mr. Bryan, candidate for the Presidency of the United States, went into the forest, the other day, for rest and recreation, and had a stroke of luck: he shot something. It was a beautiful doe. We learn from the newspapers that she had "stood looking at him, without any fear." Here is your typical high treason in these nice matters. Who will say but that the doe was about to give some sign? *Ça donne furieusement à penser*. Blind bullies, sodden usurpers that we are! It is our dense policy to rebuff the

touching advances of our old allies and kindred. Not Rhœcus only instinctively bruises the ambassador bee, and stifles the immortal message.

If the Oriental religions have any mission to discharge in our behalf, let them teach us speedily, through any gracious superstition whatsoever, their grave respect for animal life. When we are thoroughly converted, we shall not only cease to vivisect, but manumit our slaves of the exhibition-hall and the Zoo: we shall hear no longer from the lion-house the fell, foreboding sound, as of Vercingetorix, Jugurtha, Zenobia, all together, imploring the gods for vengeance upon Rome. The captives have borne their fate, yet not quite dispassionately. They lose, behind bars, day by day, something of themselves hard to part with; and they know it: but they are no atheists. Outside is the hateful city, but the sun also, bringing strange fancies to them as it crosses the threshold. So much lies back of them, in that cell of humiliation, where they were not born! What if there should be freedom again for them, beyond death? Some thought as profound surges this morning in a vast antiphonal cry among the tanks and cages, and shakes, in passing, the soul of man.

"O socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,
O passi graviora! dabit deus his quoque finem."

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A RUSE DE GUERRE

WHEN daintie Daphne, inne ye Towne,
To take ye Aire doth goe,
Shee dons a masque to hide hr Fayce
From everie ogling Beau:
A Trifle, made of Silke and Lace, —
And, oh! ye saucie, winsome Grace
Yt lies hr Masque below!

For me shee tooke awaie hr Masque:
Hope inne my Breaste did start!
But when to win hr Love I tried
I learn'd hr mocking Arte:
For when shee putt ye Masque aside,
Wh erst hr daintie Fayce did hide,
Shee placed it o'er hr Heart!

H. H. BENNETT.



REVIEWS

AN AMERICAN IN AFRICA

THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES.—By A. Donaldson Smith, M.D., F.R.G.S. 8vo. Edward Arnold. \$5.00.

NEITHER hunger nor thirst, savage men nor savage beasts, nor yet bread raised with Eno's Fruit Salt and fish fried in vaseline, deterred Dr. Donaldson Smith from carrying the placidity of his Philadelphia home into Africa's inmost recesses. This aplomb it is possible he may hold with many another explorer in those parts, but his book discloses other qualifications no less desirable and much more rare. Among these is the thorough equipment he possessed for the work he set himself to do. His skill as a physician and surgeon was highly advantageous from the outset; an extended hunting tour over a part of the territory it was necessary for him to traverse later was undertaken a year before, and on his return from that he perfected his knowledge of zoology and cartography under the most competent authorities in London. That he was able to make his protracted journey one of the first scientific importance is therefore not to be wondered at.

All that Dr. Donaldson Smith accomplished during his sixteen months of travel is not disclosed, even in his large and admirably presented volume; but it may be summarized thus: He explored and charted wide stretches of the Galla countries, previously unknown; he skirted Lake Rudolf, rounded Lake Stephanie, and, turning, came back by way of Lamu, adding extensively to the geographical and ethnological knowledge of the world thereby; while his prowess as a hunter and naturalist has given us at least one new genus and scores of new species, to which names newly added to the entomologies, like *Demagogus Donaldsoni*, *Archispirostreptus Smithii* and *Onthopagus Smithi* (these two last indicating an unseemly divergence in the formation of the genitive), bear abundant witness.

The narrative of the expedition, like the expedition itself, affords a complete withdrawal from the routine of civilization. Quite without literary pretension, even to the extent of not apologizing for lack of it, frankly egotistical as such a book must be, it opens up to the reader's vision vast tracts of territory virgin to the Caucasian, broad prairies with all the expansiveness of the West breathing over them, huge mountains, great inland seas, and everywhere men with languages, customs, and lives alike unknown and unsuspected. These last are approached, not merely with the enthusiasm of an investigator, but with the open sympathy of a fellow-mortal tolerant of all religious views, holding aloof from nothing human, who has no selfish interests at stake, no contemplated acquisition of territory to color his simple statement of fact. Of importance here is his outspoken condemnation of the barbarities of the

Abyssinians, whose gallant and successful warfare against European armies has somewhat blinded our eyes to the utter savagery of their methods.

This fresh and completely civilized point of view, enlivened by a keen sense of the joy of living and the humor of life, is held throughout the book, and this, we like to think, is the American element in it, manifested as no one but an American could manifest it. The unfailing resourcefulness in times of utmost peril, which brought the expedition back to Berbera with a list of casualties so small as to be without parallel, showing its leader to be a man of the finest diplomatic and executive abilities; the skill in marksmanship which becomes so customary a matter before the work is laid down, that we wonder at the thrill with which we once read of the death of a few paltry lions; the indefatigability, the delight, the single-heartedness, the humanity of it all, make us proud indeed to call Dr. Donaldson Smith a fellow-countryman, quite independently of the results he has achieved otherwise.

And this, we take it, makes *Through Unknown African Countries* something more than a narrative of adventurous travel—it is a literary work in a very real sense.

AN AMERICAN IN CUBA

CUBA IN WAR TIME.—By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. 16mo. R. H. Russell. \$1.25.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS went to Cuba; Mr. Richard Harding Davis came back from Cuba; Mr. Richard Harding Davis has written a book about Cuba. These are among the important developments of the day.

A few months ago Mr. Davis took employment from the editor of one of the nude journals of New York and was sent to Cuba, accompanied by Mr. Frederic Remington. The misgivings as to Mr. Remington's place in the world of art were abated by this adventure. Mr. Remington was born to draw pictures for Mr. Davis's writings. Each was designed for the other. Mr. Davis and Mr. Remington went to Cuba, traveled through the country until the Spaniards ordered them to leave, came back to America. What of it? Hundreds of men have done the same thing in the last year. Both camps swarm with curious Americans and Englishmen, who have not considered the feat of traveling by rail through the sugar-plantations of the Havana province as particularly noteworthy. But Mr. Davis is different. Mr. Davis writes and the people buy what he writes, and he thereby earns money enough to continue writing. So he wrote down with his own hand concerning the many things he thought, and his writings were printed by Mr. Hearst, a young and foolish man himself, and then they were bound in a book, "through the

courtesy of Mr. Hearst." This is *Cuba in War Time*.

It might as well have been called "Jersey City in the time of Richard Harding Davis." There is not a line in it from end to end that tells a new fact, or throws a new light upon an old situation. If we did not have it on the faith of Mr. Davis himself that he was in Cuba for a short time, we would suspect that his papers were "faked," as the journalists say, in the seclusion of a room in Park Row. How any man with eyes and ears, not to speak of a nose, could remain even within the Spanish lines at Havana and not observe more important things than are recounted in this book, we cannot understand. Apparently, Mr. Davis wandered through the island in a trance of self-contemplation. Battles were fought while he was in Cuba; at the time of his visit both armies were extremely active, for the insurgent bands in the western provinces were attempting to cut through the military line to effect a juncture with General Gomez. But Mr. Davis saw and heard nothing but himself and the singing in his own ears. Any commonplace newspaper reporter could learn more of the Cuban situation in a day spent in the neighborhood of Moro Castle than Mr. Davis apparently learned in the whole of his visit.

Something might be said about the downright impertinence, not to use a harsher term, of foisting a book of this sort on the public. But we imagine the public knows how to defend itself even against Mr. Davis.

A COMPLETE ANGLER

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.—*Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. 4to. John Lane. \$6.00.*

IT would be unreasonable to wish for a more attractive edition of *The Compleat Angler* than the one recently published by John Lane. It has everything in its favor. The book is made with all the taste and care which have made the Bodley Head famous: the paper is rough, soft, and light, the typography clean and beautiful. Like the other publications of the Bodley Head, it is edited by Mr. Le Gallienne—that is to say, Mr. Le Gallienne has filled LXXXIV pages with tasteful quotations and generous acknowledgments of their sources. He has done his work well and stylishly.

The text used is that of the fifth edition,—the last to receive Walton's own revision,—and the spelling has very wisely been modernized. In addition to *The Compleat Angler*, we are given, in a series of appendices, Walton's poems, prefaces, and letters, Cotton's verses, a bibliography of books referred to in the *Angler*, and a list of Walton's books in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. Westwood's bibliography is reprinted, and an ingenious and amusing

anglers' calendar, compiled by Hi Regan, is given. With this array of attractions alone, Mr. Lane's edition would be quite worth while, but it is chiefly for the illustrations that it will long be notable. Mr. Edmund H. New, an admirable black-and-white artist with the ability to see the picturesque in everything he touches, has literally filled this new edition with pictures. They are as beautiful and as much in the spirit of the book as were Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations to *Cranford* or Vierge's wonderful drawings for *On The Trail of Don Quixote*. The whole country-side is pictured: every tree, stream, and cottage referred to in the book is drawn; and one by one the fishes are carefully shown. The result is an edition of *The Compleat Angler* done once and for all: a volume which reflects lasting credit on the artist, the publisher, the editor, and on the gentlemen who obligingly furnished the "letter-press."

A BOOK OF YOUTH

THE DAY OF HIS YOUTH.—*By Alice Brown. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.*

MISS BROWN approaches her subject with a reverence which in part communicates itself to the reader. She has not written with one eye acock at the public and the publisher; whatever one may think of her achievement, one realizes that it has been accomplished in a region remote from pot-boilers.

The book is so brave that the story of Francis Hume, notwithstanding the spirit of solemn gloom which hangs about it, is a heartening one. Deep in the Northern wilderness a father, who has fled from civilization, tries to bring up his boy, at a "new Round Table in the woods, with two knights," in all the sweetness he can put into life. To this lad, in his twentieth year, there comes as an invader of his solitude a yellow-haired woman, intelligent, even stanch and honest enough as that outer world goes, yet so shallow and battered and disillusioned as to bring tragedy into the boy's life. To him she gives that first divine ecstasy of love, and for the moment she is deep enough to respond to this modern knighthood. For Francis Hume the world is transformed, and he is made forever blind to her imperfections. In her trail he goes out to the world, only to lose his love, break his life, and fade away from the reader into a dim sainthood in the slums of Boston. At the end he reappears, to lose his life in one heart-breaking bit of quixotic heroism, the rescue of a tortured and drowning dog.

The casting of the story into letters and scraps of a journal seems only a *tour de force*, and yet perhaps this very freedom from the restraints of form, gained sometimes at the expense of probability, allows Miss Brown to do her best writing. The style is rich with the flavor of much reading, and only occasionally has it the pedantic suggestion

which too great familiarity with old-time words sometimes gives. The story is by turns lyric of joy and again poignantly simple. It is probably reserved for the few to read and enjoy.

PROFESSOR GRIFFIS'S COREA

COREA, THE HERMIT NATION.—By William Elliot Griffis. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

PROFESSOR GRIFFIS'S authoritative work has reached its sixth edition. Originally published in 1882, two supplementary chapters have been added since, the former bringing it down to 1888, the latter to 1897. Of the earlier portion of the book its best recommendation and the highest proof of its finality are that it remains practically undisturbed; of the latest addition only it remains to subjoin a word.

The historian's intimate connection with the University of Tokyo and his extended labors upon the annals of the Japanese Empire could hardly have left him unprejudiced in the contest between the Mikado and the Emperor of China. His view of the war, somewhat too brief considering the part played by Corea in its inception, is therefore strongly but not unreasonably pro-Japanese. His account of the sinking of the Kow-Shing is at odds with the reports prepared under British auspices, and the truth, never definitely ascertained, can only be surmised after weighing the testimony on both sides. But if Professor Griffis's pardonable partiality is manifested in this respect, still greater is his desire for accuracy when he comes to recount the causes which have practically made an end of Japanese influence in Corea, where it had been supreme for some time after their victory, finally leading the king to make the Russian legation his permanent residence. Nor does the historian fail to point out to his recent associates in Dai-Nippon the folly which permits the policy of the Tsar to regulate the internal affairs of a nation whose territory is necessary for the best development of his possessions on the Pacific.

Of greater value to us is Professor Griffis's recital of the great progress made by Corea between the year 1888 and the present. Religious and commercial tolerance have already rendered obsolete many of the semi-barbarous customs of former days, a new national party has begun to bring the people to a pitch of patriotism hitherto undreamed of, and the Land of the Morning Dawn at last has its hope turned definitively away from the night of China, her suzerain of yesterday, toward the light of civilization.



THE STORY OF AMERICAN COALS

THE STORY OF AMERICAN COALS.—By William Jasper Nicolls. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Company.

PROMINENTLY displayed next the title-page of this volume is Professor Jevons's bold statement that "coal, in truth, stands not beside, but entirely above, all other commodities; . . . without it, we are thrown back into the laborious poverty of early times." Despite this assertion, and the admirable appearance of the volume, the casual reader begins the book with diffidence and, if persevering, concludes it with the consciousness that the author has not been entirely successful in discharging the heavy task of making his essay of interest to the general public. Yet it is his avowed purpose to interest not only operators, miners, dealers, and carriers, but also the public.

The first chapter is devoted to theories as to the origin of coal, and is made up almost wholly of quotations from speculative scientists. It is a storehouse of learning, this first chapter, and though the learning is that of other people, we have only commendation for Mr. Nicolls's equally candid and copious use of quotation marks, where, by simply altering the wording a trifle, he could masquerade in the erudition of a savant.

The facts and figures relating to the rapid development of the coal industry in America are indeed remarkable. The whole anthracite coal region in Pennsylvania, from which four billion dollars' worth of coal has already been taken, was sold as late as 1749 for \$2,500. From these Pennsylvania mines come yearly 50,000,000 net tons of coal, almost all the anthracite mined in this country. It is in bituminous coal, the fuel of commerce and industry, that the United States is enormously wealthy—its fields being to those of England as thirty-seven to one. Twenty-eight states produce bituminous coal from fields one hundred times larger than the Pennsylvania anthracite region. The value of the annual coal product of the United States is \$200,000,000, and requires the services of 365,000 men, over a third of whom work in the mines of Pennsylvania.

As in other spheres of human activity, so in the production and exploitation of coal as fuel, the pioneers in the work have traveled hard roads. The illustrious Marco Polo's tale of black stones burned by the Chinese instead of wood was received with derisive laughter by his incredulous countrymen. And after that time many an honest gentleman lost his all in attempting to persuade the public to burn the "black stones"—as witness Grey's quaint report (1649) of "one Beaumont, a man of great ingenuity and rare parts, who, having adventured into our mines with thirty thousand pounds and many rare engines, consumed all his monies in a few years and rode home upon his light

horse." Happy indeed, according to Mr. Nicolls, is the modern operator who can save even his "light horse" from the wreck of a fortune adventured in our coal mines of to-day. He insists that at the present price "we are simply giving our coal away," to the misery of the unpaid miner, the ruin of the operator, and the bankruptcy of the transporting railroads.

To the discovery of a remedy for this condition Mr. Nicolls invites the serious thought of our men of national affairs, and begs them to disabuse their minds of the fallacy that the operators are "robber-barons." He half seriously suggests the suppression of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's *Back Log Studies*, as a means of substituting blazing coal for crackling hickory on the hearths of the wealthy.

As to competition with England in the markets of the world, Mr. Nicoll contends that the long rail haul of our coal to tide-water more than makes up for the Englishman's greater expense in working his mines, which are often within sound of the sea. To an American it is surprising to learn that the Old World is ahead of us in the use of coal-mining machinery. The reason, however, is obvious. We are still working our surface coal-deposits, while there they often sink their shafts two to three thousand feet, or ten times as deep as in America.

For students and men of affairs, for whom the subject of this volume is of interest, it will prove a valuable one.

MR. PEMBERTON'S LATEST

CHRISTINE OF THE HILLS.—By Max Pemberton.
12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

MR. PEMBERTON has provided the novelty of a romance which, though modern rather than mediæval, does not imitate Mr. Anthony Hope. He has, moreover, constructed his story logically; there are none of the excremental episodes usually supplied to add the element of surprise to a plot. If the phrase may be permitted, the development of the story is moderately inevitable; yet the reader is kept in real suspense and uncertainty to the last page. And there is no swashbuckling, nor an immaculate hero. There is so much in it for which the habitual reviewer of novels must be thankful, that he will be really sorry if at any time his interest lags, or if his final judgment lacks enthusiasm.

In his characters Mr. Pemberton has even at times visibly sacrificed charm to probability. Old Andrea, faithful to the little Christine through all her varying fortunes, never forgets that in her success he will find a comfortable home for his old age, and Christine's return of affection is very sanely tempered by a perception of this.

The prologue, in which the novelist's boatman pilots him to the island where is to be seen the pavilion of the little Christine, seems to promise an

idyl of Dalmatia. Here Christine, almost alone in the woods, lived her childhood, dreaming of the glitter of great cities and the clatter of the great world, indifferently letting herself be loved by a passionate boy, Ugo. Events threaten to take her from this half-savage forest life to the imprisonment of a convent, and in one quick impulse she marries Ugo, who flies with her from the conscription which would put him in the Austrian army, across the mountains towards the unknown Vienna. The pursuing soldiers drive Ugo from Christine on his bridal night. She, fainting on a mountain road, is taken to the house of the recluse, Count Paul Zaloski. Ugo is reported dead, and Christine and Paul are soon in love and on the eve of marriage, when the husband reappears and drags Christine away to jealous cruelty and to the life of a concert-singer in Vienna. Christine advances in her work and is soon ready for a début at the opera. Ugo deteriorates, rather as the exigencies of the plot demand, than as his character seemed once to prophesy. The Count, hearing falsely that Christine has lovers in the capital, crushes out his love for her, and in one day she learns from his actions that her love is hopeless, and finds in her husband's accidental death in a drunken quarrel, that it would have been made possible. With a pretty and very probable impulse she turns to "Zol," a boyish and winning lieutenant who has long loved her, and lets him bear her away to the solitude of the pavilion on the Dalmatian island.

In all this, and in an unobtrusive and pleasant style, Mr. Pemberton shows good taste and intelligence enough to be rated as a pretty talent for story-telling. But he somehow fails of grip on the emotions. Christine, after all, has only the psychology of a bird, though with considerable of its charm. Just what place such a book has in the great scheme of literature is a question; in the economy of the year's novel-reading it is doubtless marked for a fair share of attention.

"AN EXTRA SUPPLY OF BONES"

HILDA STRAFFORD.—By Beatrice Harraden. Illustrated. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

A PROPOS of an agreeable small dog in her latest story, Miss Beatrice Harraden makes the following profound remark: "After the manner of all philosophers, she resigned herself to an extra supply of bones." Relieved of its textual significance, the remark is by no means unserviceable as an explanation of Miss Harraden's principle of work. After the manner of a considerable number of contemporary novelists, Miss Harraden has apparently resigned herself to an extra supply of words and a correspondingly increased price for her productions. *Hilda Strafford* has just made its appearance, and the success of its

predecessor demands for it an attention which nothing between its two covers could possibly justify. The publishers have advertised it as Miss Harraden's first novel since *Ships That Pass in the Night*: literally, this is perhaps true; in fact, however, the book is not a novel at all. It is an elaborated short story, and shorn of some twenty thousand words, it could not fail to be much improved. It is regrettable that a young writer of no inconsiderable promise should be so led astray by one success, and the consequent increase in her price per word that she will not sacrifice the superfluous. With careful pruning, the exercise of some literary restraint, *Hilda Stafford* might have become an exceptionally strong short story.

Miss Harraden might allege, as proof that she has some independence, the fact that her heroine is not likely to be popular. *Hilda Stafford* is indeed about as unlovable a figure as any latter-day novelist could well create, and Miss Harraden has no more sympathy for her than has the reader.

The story has to do with *Hilda's* homesickness for England on a lonely California ranch. The barren brown country drives her nearly to distraction. For a time she fights bravely against it all, hiding her real agony from her husband until one day—at the piano—she loses her self-control and breaks down. Her husband comes in while she is weeping, and in a moment of torture she tells him how miserable she is—complains bitterly against his sending for her, and reproaches him for his failures. Robert goes from the house, heart-broken, to die from the blow. *Hilda* realizes the pain she has caused him, and her humanity forces her to go after him, but it is too late. That is all. There is one period after Robert's death when *Hilda* suggests marriage to her husband's best friend. It is a brutal suggestion, which he scorns, and *Hilda* goes back to England, to the place she so hated to leave.

The volume is characterized by some curiously un-American features: it is amusing, for instance, to find "deuced" persistently spelled "deuced."

THE PROBLEM OF MISS CORELLI

ZISKA.—By Marie Corelli. 12mo. Stone & Kimball. \$1.50.

"**Z**ISKA. By Marie Corelli," is but slightly seductive to the careless reader of contemporaneous literature, but "*Ziska: The Problem of a Lost Soul*. By Marie Corelli," is something altogether different. Not that the average run of lost souls presents any problems of special originality, but because lost or abandoned souls are usually interesting creatures in story-books. The impression gained from Miss Corelli's previous stories is, that, in her opinion, nearly all souls, particularly male souls, are hopelessly lost, though we have not been able to discover that the calamity was

attended by any complicating problems. In the present instance we start off with the assurance of a problem, and if there is any problem of a philosophical or metaphysical nature that Miss Corelli is willing to leave to the discretion of her readers, it is time to let curiosity assert itself.

Ziska begins in Cairo and ends several thousand feet, more or less, underground, at the bottom of one of the pyramids. When we first meet her, *Ziska* is on her way to a masquerade. Nobody seems to know who she is, but unkind suspicions are excited. She is described to us as "a woman who moved glidingly, as if she floated rather than walked, and whose beauty, half hidden as it was by the exigencies of her costume, was so unusual and brilliant that it seemed to create an atmosphere of bewilderment and rapture around her as she came." It might be suggested to Miss Corelli that it is eminently proper to have feminine beauty at least half hidden by the exigencies of costume at all times, but this, as will be developed, had something to do with the problem. Just before *Ziska's* initial appearance we have been introduced to a variety of people, most of whom seem to have been lugged in by the heels, and are happily permitted to disappear. One of them is the "editor and proprietor of a large London newspaper." At this point one reflects that there is war to the death between Miss Corelli and the press, on Miss Corelli's part, and that her portraiture of an editor with a pimply nose and black teeth is the very quintessence of exquisite feminine satire. Having surveyed his paunch to Miss Corelli's satisfaction, he takes himself off, and we may dismiss him as a factor in the problem. The winnowing process goes on briskly until we have narrowed the problem to four characters,—*Ziska*, the beautiful and suspicious unknown; Denzil Murray, a young Scotchman, and her adorer; Armand Gervase, a distinguished painter, and Murray's friend; and Dr. Maxwell Dean, general scientist, with a weakness for hieroglyphics. There is considerable talk, on the part of *Ziska*, of Araxes, a dissolute Egyptian monarch who died several thousand years ago, having sufficiently amused himself by falling in love with a dancing-girl, Charmazel, of whom he wearies, and whom he very naturally, as in accord with his privilege, slays. *Ziska* impersonates Charmazel at the masquerade, and talks Araxes and theosophy so persistently that there is only one possible conclusion in the mind of a scientist like Dr. Dean, and in the mind, as well, of the intelligent reader. *Ziska* is the reincarnated Charmazel, and Gervase is the reincarnation of Araxes. In fact, that there might be no mistake, Miss Corelli has already contributed a prologue which takes the place of the argument in a libretto. This is a most interesting departure in story-telling. We have assumed, however, that the prologue has been skipped. Now that we know precisely who *Ziska* and Gervase are, we read "for style," as the critics say, out of deference

to Miss Corelli, and absorb epigrams until she drags Gervase to his doom, which, by special appointment with Ziska, is far underground, in the tomb of Araxes. It is very much to Gervase's credit that when he found he was cornered he accepted the situation gracefully, apologized to Ziska, who was beginning to lose flesh at an alarming rate, and to take on the meager and uncanny proportions of a skeleton, and chivalrously proposed marriage—spiritual marriage of course. This felicitous thought on the part of Gervase, or the reincarnated Araxes, atoned for all his previous ungentlemanly conduct, and the problem is solved by love—assuming that this was the problem.

It seems a pity that Miss Corelli did not confer with Mr. Rider Haggard, or, better still, collaborate with him. We fancy that Mr. Haggard would have made a good deal of a woman like Ziska, a fellow like Gervase, and a wise old chap like Dr. Dean. Mr. Haggard might have written the story, while Miss Corelli threw in the epigrams. It requires a certain amount of talent to write a good fairy story, and there is room for suspicion that Miss Corelli's talent does not lie in this direction. Still, one cannot live by epigrams alone, unless he is delivering tirades against Christianity for one thousand dollars a night, and Miss Corelli must not be too severely reproved because she hung her apothegms on a shaky theosophical peg. It might have been worse.

QUE-EST-CE QU'ELLE FAIT DANS CETTE GALÈRE?

ONE MAN WHO WAS CONTENT, AND OTHER STORIES.—By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. 16mo. The Century Company. \$1.00.

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER'S appearance as a writer of fiction only strengthens our appreciation of her work as a writer of criticism on art. We trust that this excursion into the story-teller's field is only a vacation jaunt, and that Mrs. Van Rensselaer may be content with her really distinguished position as critic, and not long for that of a merely reputable story-writer.

Had the four short stories which form the volume been bad, their author's good taste would never have permitted them to go to press. Had they been exceptionally good, she might conceive this to be her *métier*. As they are, they demand a certain courteous attention and slight praise.

The title story is scarcely a story at all, an analytical tale carefully deprived of incident as one might bone a chicken. It is rambling causerie of one man's theory of contentment, which was that its essence was constant and strenuous endeavor against any odds. An interesting bit of writing, almost in essay form.

Mary we have liked the best of all. It is a faint-colored, pathetic sketch of old Mrs. Mortimer, who is passing into the lonely age. She has for companion a cross parrot, which she keeps because her husband once thought it would be "company" for her, and because it is the only living thing left to call her "Mary." The story is very gentle, very pretty, very admirable, but not very important. The two remaining slum stories are doubtless correct as to fact,—accurate reporting, in short,—but informed with no particular vitality.

Coming from Mrs. Van Rensselaer, the book could not fail in a degree of restraint and dignity of style, but this is least noticeable in the stories of low life. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is aboard the wrong craft.

THE SHOOGY-SHOOGY

I DO be thinking, lassie, of the old days now;
For, oh! your hair is tangled gold above your
Irish brow;
And, oh! your eyes are fairy flax! no other
flower so blue;
Come nestle in my arms, and swing upon the shoogy-shoo.

Sweet and slow, swinging low, eyes of Irish blue,
All my heart is swinging, dear, swinging here, with
you;
Irish eyes are like the flax, and mine are wet with
dew,
Thinking of the old days upon the shoogy-shoo.

When meadow-larks would singing be in old Glentair,
Was one sweet lass had eyes of blue and tangled
golden hair;
She was a wee bit girleen then, dear heart, the like
of you,
When we two swung the braes among, upon the
shoogy-shoo.

Ah, well! the world goes up and down, and some
sweet day
Its shoogy-shoo will swing us two where sighs will
pass away;
So nestle close your bonnie head, and close your eyes
so true,
And swing with me, and memory, upon the shoogy-shoo.

Sweet and slow, swinging low, eyes of Irish blue,
All my heart is swinging, dear, swinging here, with
you;
Irish eyes are like the flax, and mine are wet with
dew,
Thinking of the old days upon the shoogy-shoo.

WINTHROP PACKARD.

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS"

THERE is perhaps no woman writer living who upon a critical estimate would be accorded a higher place than "John Oliver Hobbs." On the other hand there is certainly no woman writer of the first rank who has written so little. If all her stories were put together, her occasional articles added thereto, and the little play, *Journeys End in Lovers' Meetings*, which she wrote in collaboration with Mr. George Moore, thrown in, the whole would scarcely reach the bulk of a three-volume novel of the old school. The reason of this is to be found to some extent in the critical faculty—said to be uncommon in her sex—which is strongly developed in the author of *Some Emotions and a Moral*, and forbids her to give to the world anything which has not passed through a fiery furnace of expurgation and revision. But there can be no doubt that her outward circumstances, even more than the bent of her mind, have contributed towards limiting the quantity and—as few would deny—enhancing the quality of her work. It would be easy to mention masterpieces which were written under stress of poverty, while the printer's devil kicked his heels in the outer passage. For there are many writers who cannot be awakened from indolence to activity but by the pinch of penury. But given the literary faculty and a certain natural impulse towards creation, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that their owner will do better work when unhampered by the ever-present reflection that time is money. Had "John Oliver Hobbs" been compelled to write for a livelihood, she would have written more, but she would have been read less. For the very essence of her work is its polish.

Now the creative impulse showed itself in "John Oliver Hobbs"; indeed it manifested itself in two directions, and it was almost a matter of chance that the impulse drove her finally to literary rather than to musical composition. From a very early age she has been a lover of music; in her childhood, too, as she will tell you, she was wont to invent stories and recount them for the amazement of her nursemaid. Without doubt, had she not concentrated her energies upon literature, she would have made her mark as a musician. As it is, though a skilful pianist, and occasionally induced to play at a charity concert, she has, I believe, published none of her musical compositions.

There was, however, no thought of a professional career for Miss Richards, nor any foresight of the time—so near when reckoned by years—when she would make the name of "John Oliver Hobbs" famous. The daughter of an American gentleman of considerable wealth, whose business lies in England, she was presented when scarcely more than half-way through her teens, and married when still

some years short of her coming of age. It was not until Mrs. Craigie had returned, after a short and by no means happy married life, to her father's house, that she gave herself over to the study and practice of letters.

Some Emotions and a Moral came as a surprise to the world. The name—John Oliver Hobbs—by which it was signed was absolutely unknown. Only rumour had it that the pseudonym veiled, as the book itself could not fail to reveal, a woman,—a woman who had suffered; a woman, moreover, who had thought, and could put her thought into attractive mould. For here, undoubtedly, was a writer who had, before publishing, so far as any one knew, a single line, fashioned for herself in obscurity a linguistic mould for the expression of her thought; thus separating herself at once and forever from the host of lady novelists who tip their disordered souls into print. Not until quite lately did I learn that Mrs. Craigie had written much—and cast it into the waste-paper basket—before she published anything.

Even when the name of "John Oliver Hobbs" was widely known, and her first book had been followed by *A Bundle of Life*, her personality remained in a somewhat remarkable obscurity. Few knew her real name, fewer still had met and spoken with her. For she was never to be met at the gatherings where literary women flirt with publishers, being, as some would tell you, an invalid,—as others averred, a recluse. The truth, indeed, lay midway between these two assertions, for together with a certain delicacy of constitution which renders her incapable of any considerable physical exertion, Mrs. Craigie exhibits a certain mental shrinking from the contact of casual company. Certainly, there are few writers of renown whose work stands so apart from their personality as does Mrs. Craigie's. There are many who, like her, shun the interviewer, and take no opportunity of personal advertisement. Mr. Barrie, for example, courts the obscurity of a reputation exclusively literary. But Mr. Barrie distils his personality into his books. Mrs. Craigie does no such thing. You may read all her books from cover to cover and gain no insight whatever into the life of the writer. For her books contain what she has read and thought, not what she has seen and felt.

It was when *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* was being written for publication in the *Pall Mall Budget*, a journal with which I had a close connection, that I first met Mrs. Craigie, and one Saturday in June we went down, a mixed party of writers and artists, for three quiet days at Cookham, the little Thames-side village beneath the heights of Cliveden, which Mr. Astor bought from the Duke of Westminster. We were leaning over the bridge before retiring to rest, talking with a sort of frivolous earnestness of all things in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, as

people will talk on summer nights, when Mrs. Craigie, who had been silently watching the river, suddenly said that, to her, men and women, with their petty joys and puny sorrows, were no longer interesting; that she would gladly put the life of the present behind her, and dwell among books for her companions. We smiled, at the time, in some amusement, that a woman in the flush of her youthful beauty should choose to kick from her a world which held so many possibilities of delight. But her statement, as the event has shown, was no mere pose; it was the deliberate assertion of choice on the part of a woman whose interest lies in literature rather than in life, in a religion of contemplation rather than of action. Indeed, the life led by Mrs. Craigie for some time would appear to the ordinary woman of society as conventual in its aloofness, an impression which is heightened by the fact that Mrs. Craigie, though bred as a dissenter under the ministrations of Dr. Joseph Parker, has joined the Roman Catholic Church and is an earnest and enthusiastic devotee. Still incapable of great bodily exertion, and quite untouched by the craze for golf and bicycling, Mrs. Craigie spends the greatest and the happiest part of her life in the upper room of her father's house at Lancaster Gate, in which her library is collected. For she has the true passion of the intellectual explorer, and searches diligently after all that men have written, more especially concerning religion and philosophy, not resting content with her own sure foothold in the Catholic faith, but seeking fresh paths thither, even through the mazes of the *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*.

A year or two ago, when her health was more delicate than it is at present, Mrs. Craigie did most of her writing in bed, during the morning hours. Of late, however, she has altered her system. Rising early, she devotes the morning hours to reading or writing in her study, and then, after a light lunch, takes a drive in the Park or elsewhere, finding time for more work before the dinner hour. As she seldom or never goes to dinner-parties or receptions, she is able to retire early to rest, and prepare for a similar course of study and writing on the following day. It may be a matter of wonder that a novelist should live so apart from social life and yet continue to be a novelist. But Mrs. Craigie will tell you that she has, after all, her point of contact with the outside world in her father, her mother, and her brothers. Every evening at dinner she hears what the rest have been doing during the time she has spent in seclusion, and collects thus the experiences of a man of affairs, a woman of the world, and a Cambridge undergraduate, besides those of such visitors as are frequent at a hospitable house. Thus, as Mrs. Craigie is fond of saying, she obtains all the knowledge of what is going on that she cares for. And herein we may find, I think, the clue to a notable characteristic of the books she has hitherto given us, which are not so much stories as studies of

individuals. Mrs. Craigie is no social note-taker; she does not start with a background, as, for example, M. Zola is now doing, and select her figures to suit it. Rather does she take an individual, such as the silly, selfish, sensual Anne in *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, and trace *a priori* the development of her character, and its consequences on her surroundings. And—given only the literary faculty—no more knowledge of life is required to do this than you may find by looking deep enough into your own heart. It will be interesting to watch the result of the experiment which Mrs. Craigie is now making in the book on which she is at work. *The School for Saints* is being written for the sake of its story, rather than for the development of any individual character, and it will be the first of her books which she has ventured to entitle "a novel."

You will not be astonished to hear that Mrs. Craigie writes slowly and laboriously, correcting much and destroying more. She has never been under the journalist's dire necessity of learning the art of skimming the froth of thought. Now and again, out of friendship for Mr. T. P. O'Connor or Mr. Lewis Hind, she has written a critique for the *Weekly Sun* or the *Academy*, with the result that the practiced pressman has shed tears at such wanton waste of ideas, that he would have husbanded for a month's consumption. For Mrs. Craigie packs an article as a woman packs a travelling-trunk, with a certain pride in leaving out nothing that it can hold. She uses none of the modern aids to composition, neither dictating to an amanuensis nor having any dealings with the typewriter. I well remember marvelling at the "copy" which "John Oliver Hobbes" sent over—I think it was from Davos—when *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* was running in the *Pall Mall Budget*, written evenly, delicately, clearly, with scarce an erasure to a thousand words. She confessed to me afterwards that the version which the printer saw had been seven times refined, having been written over and over again with her own hand. For Mrs. Craigie has an artistic conscience, and is quite unsparing of the *labor limæ*. To some, perhaps, it may seem that the appearance of elaboration is too evident in the brilliant polish of her work, and that the first fine frenzy of inspiration is apt to evaporate in the labour of refinement. Mrs. Craigie, I fancy, takes a correcter estimate of her power, and knows that the charm of her work lies in its workmanship rather than in its inspiration. And this very fact will probably prevent her from ever attaining a wide popularity with the public that reads for the sake of the story, rather than for the manner of its telling.

If it were still necessary to find disproof of the assertion that women have no sense of humour, Mrs. Craigie would supply it. In all that she writes and in much that she says you may trace an abiding sense of the humour of life, a humour that is as far as pos-

sible removed from fun. To her, life is a sarcasm, and she is not indisposed to laugh at it, always bitterly, sometimes with the fierceness of one who has a personal grudge against it. You will lay down her stories with the feeling that it is of no use to struggle in the mesh of existence in which we are perforce held fast for a season; that there is, perchance, nothing for it but to grin and bear our lot as best we may, looking to a new life to redress the balance of the old. But the effect is not single and unmistakable, as the effect of the reasoned submission of a Marcus Aurelius. Rather are you left distracted, wondering whether it were better to bless God and die, or curse everything and live. Your distraction will be but the reflection of a certain duality in the nature of your author. For Mrs. Craigie's asceticism is not anæmia, nor is her quietude a natural distaste of the world. On the contrary, a vein of sensuousness runs through her writing, a sensuousness which in her life is sublimated into the religion of the emotions. And it is, I fancy, the struggle between the sensuousness of her nature and the super-sensuousness of her ideals which gives the bitterness to her pen. But though Mrs. Craigie has sufficient sense of this life's little ironies to refuse to take it quite seriously, she has stopped short of the humourist's final step. Herself she takes with absolute seriousness.

CLARENCE ROOK.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE HAS A COMPETITOR

EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK—Dear Sir:

IN *The Editor*, issue for March, I found an alluring advertisement, stating that *Romance*, a monthly magazine "portraying the romantic side of modern life," "wants strong, dramatic, romantic stories."

Most magazines that I ever heard of want "strong, dramatic, romantic stories," but I thought there might be some special inducement in store for those writers of strong stories who are readers of *The Editor* magazine, so I sent Mr. Gilson Willets, editor and publisher of *Romance*, a story of the length and variety usually remunerated, in my experience, to the extent of at least thirty-five or forty dollars. Mr. Willets's reply came promptly, safely conveyed to me at the nominal expenditure of one cent for postage. It is a printed reply, in imitation of typewriting, and is addressed "Dear Sir," in spite of the undoubted femininity of my name. It reads as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Your story is quite acceptable to *Romance*, and if you will send \$1 for a subscription to make you a member of the Contributors' Club I will print your story in an early number. I am obliged to ask you for the subscription, in order to print your story, because the membership of the Con-

tributors' Club has become so large that I have decided to print henceforth, beginning with April number, stories only by members of the Contributors' Club. As I have such a stock of manuscripts on hand, it is not at present practicable for *Romance* to pay cash for contributions.

"A great many authors are availing themselves of this arrangement, as all members of the Contributors' Club are entitled to service No. 1 of the Literary Bureau free of charge, and from all the letters in my possession it seems that the arrangement is satisfactory. Hoping that you will join us, I am, faithfully yours,

"GILSON WILLETS, Editor and Publisher.

Now, paying one dollar for the privilege of seeing your work in print, without exacting too much as to the character of the print or its readers, is not so exorbitant as paying fifty dollars, in installments, for the same privilege. Still, I think Mr. Gilson Willets's style of editing a magazine is sufficiently full of unconventional features to merit some setting forth for the benefit of probable contributors. It would be of interest to know just how Mr. Willets explains to members of his Contributors' Club the benefits of authorship at his rates. These, I may say, are further set forth in another printed slip, accompanying the "letter."

The gist of the rate-card is as follows: A member of Mr. Willets's Contributors' Club writes, let us say, a story of three thousand words. (It is far more likely to be ten thousand if the writer is of the bureau-victim variety, but we will say three thousand, which is extremely moderate.) Mr. Willets, or some one associated with him, will read this manuscript for fifty cents, according to advertisement. For fifty cents more a "letter of general advice" may be had, and for a dollar additional the "correction and revision" of the manuscript may be secured; while for a third dollar Mr. Willets's bureau will typewrite this story and render it fit to pass under the eye of Mr. Willets for a final reading, and a probable reward of being accepted for *Romance* at a cost of one more dollar to the ambitious author.

Perhaps I am wrong in feeling that four dollars is a considerable price to pay for appearing in print. I know that many persons daily pay far more, and we also know that there are pleasures which cost as much, or more, and are shorter lived and productive of more evil. We can imagine Mr. Willets directing our attention to the fact that champagne costs four dollars per bottle, and opera tickets four dollars each, and inquiring how much of a dinner party one could set forth for four little units of currency. Undeniably, there are more riotous ways of spending money, but that is not the whole question. The question is not concerned chiefly with the feeble vanities of persons who hope to assail the heights of fame by getting a miserable story into a penny magazine. A word is indeed due to these unwitting dupes who may imagine that the road to

The Century lies through *Romance*, but the main plea is on a business ground.

In literature the consumer has an advantage enjoyed in no other field. He pays ten cents, say, for a magazine containing Rudyard Kipling's latest work, or he may pay ten cents for a picture-paper sparsely furnished with reading-matter from the pen of Millicent Gray. The publisher of the former magazine may have paid Kipling ten thousand dollars for the serial rights of his story, and the publisher of the latter may have charged Millicent a dollar or fifty dollars to print her tale,—but the consumer pays the same to one as to the other. He would not accept an invitation to buy a two-dollar seat to see an amateur play *Lady Macbeth*,—that is, not unless it were "for charity," in whose name many foolish things are done. But he may pay as much to read the inept productions of silly amateurs in letters as would enable him to come in touch with some of the best writers of the age, or of the ages. "If he does n't know the difference between Kipling and Millicent Gray, why waste thought on him?" I hear some one say. For the moment I have nothing to do with the depravity of tastes, I reply; but with ignorance I do feel at liberty to war,—to a certain extent,—and with the depravers of taste we are all at swords'-points.

There are a number of these magazines which are sold regularly on news-stands side by side with decently published periodicals. In the interest of the latter I urge that the others ought to be labeled: "Barn-storming talent! Buy our latest issue and encourage Mrs. Flinders of Podunk, who is anxious to write, can't get into a reputable magazine, and so pays us four dollars for printing her story!" The publishers of these amateur magazines do not advertise that the proceeds are for charity, and herein is their radical difference from other amateur performances. *Romance* is not the only offender. There are others, better known, which, while they may not ask money for publishing, certainly do not pay any when it can be avoided. They are shams. They make scarcely a pretense of offering the best they can afford to the public. If oleomargarine must be labeled according to law, why should not certain publications be similarly labeled? After that, we have nothing more to say about which the public shall buy. Very truly yours,

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT POLE

O BOUGHLESS tree, that bars the sky,
All naked, grim, and stark,
Your blossoms, in a hundred homes,
Bloom out and light the dark!

ANN DEVOORE.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XVIII

THE child, however, was not destined to enjoy much of Sir Claude at the "thing-umbob," which took for them a very different turn indeed. On the spot Mrs. Beale, with hilarity, had urged her to the course proposed; but later, at the Exhibition, she withdrew this allowance, mentioning, as a result of second thoughts, that when a man was so sensitive such a communication might only make him worse. It would have been hard indeed for Sir Claude to be "worse," Maisie felt, as, in the gardens and the crowd, when the first dazzle had dropped, she looked for him in vain up and down. They had all their time, the couple, for frugal, wistful wandering: they had partaken together, at home, of the light, vague meal—Maisie's name for it was a "jam-supper"—to which they were reduced when Mr. Farange sought his pleasure abroad. It was abroad now, entirely, that Mr. Farange cultivated this philosophy, and it was the actual impression of his daughter, derived from his wife, that he had three days before joined a friend's yacht at Cowes.

The place was full of sideshows, to which Mrs. Beale could introduce the little girl only, alas! by revealing to her so attractive, so enthralling a name: the sideshows, each time, were sixpence apiece, and the fond allegiance enjoyed by the elder of our pair had been established from the earliest time in spite of a paucity of sixpences. Small coin dropped from her as half-heartedly as answers from bad children to lessons that had not been looked at. Maisie passed more slowly the great painted posters, pressing, with a linked arm, closer to her friend's pocket, where she hoped for the sensible stir of a shilling. But the upshot of this was but to deepen her yearning: if Sir Claude would only at last come the shillings would begin to flow. The companions paused, for want of one, before the Flowers of the Forest, a large presentment of bright brown ladies—they were brown all over—in a medium suggestive of tropical luxuriance, and there Maisie dolorously expressed her belief that he would never come at all. Mrs. Beale hereupon, though discernibly disappointed, reminded her that he had not been promised as a certainty—a remark that caused the child to gaze at the Flowers of the Forest through a blur in which they became more magnificent, yet oddly more confused, and by which, moreover, confusion was imparted to the aspect of a gentleman who at that moment, in the company of a lady, came out of the brilliant booth. The lady was so brown that Maisie at first took her for one of the Flowers; but during the few seconds that this required—a few seconds in which she had also desolately given up Sir Claude—she heard Mrs.

Beale's voice, behind her, gather both wonder and pain into a single sharp little cry.

"Of all the wickedness — Beale!"

He had already, without distinguishing them in the mass of strollers, turned another way — it seemed at the brown lady's suggestion. Her course was marked, over heads and shoulders, by an upright scarlet plume, as to the ownership of which Maisie was instantly eager. "Who is she? — who is she?"

But Mrs. Beale, for a moment, only looked after them. "The liar — the liar!"

Maisie considered. "Because he's not — where one thought!" That was also a month ago in Kensington Gardens, where her mother had not been. "Perhaps he has come back," she insinuated.

"He never went — the hound!"

That, according to Sir Claude, had been also what her mother had not done, and Maisie could only have a sense of something that in a maturer mind would be called the way history repeats itself. "Who is she?" she asked again.

Mrs. Beale, fixed to the spot, seemed lost in the vision of an opportunity missed. "If he had only seen me!" — it came from between her teeth. "She's a bran-new one. But he must have been with her since Tuesday."

Maisie took it in. "She's almost black," she then observed.

"They're always hideous," said Mrs. Beale.

This was a remark on which the child had again to reflect. "Oh, not his *wives*," she remonstrantly exclaimed. The words at another moment would probably have set her friend off, but Mrs. Beale was now too intent in seeing what became of the others. "Did you ever in your life see such a feather?" Maisie presently continued.

This decoration appeared to have paused at some distance, and in spite of intervening groups they could both look at it. "Oh, that's the way they dress — the vulgarest of the vulgar!"

"They're coming back — they'll see us!" Maisie the next moment exclaimed; and while her companion answered that this was exactly what she wanted, and the child returned "Here they are — here they are!" the unconscious objects of so much attention, with a change of mind about their direction, quickly retraced their steps and precipitated themselves upon their critics. Their unconsciousness gave Mrs. Beale time to leap, under her breath, to a recognition which Maisie caught.

"It must be Mrs. Cuddon!"

Maisie looked at Mrs. Cuddon hard — her lips even echoed the name. What followed was extraordinarily rapid — a minute of livelier battle than had ever yet, in so short a span, at least, been waged round our heroine. The muffled shock — lest people should notice — was so violent that it was only for her later thought the steps fell into their order, the steps through which, in a bewilderment not so much of sound as of silence, she had come to find

herself, too soon for comprehension and too strangely for fear, at the door of the Exhibition with her father. He thrust her into a hansom and got in after her, and then it was — as she drove along with him — that she recovered a little what had happened. Face to face with them in the gardens he had seen them, and there had been a moment of checked concussion during which, in a glare of black eyes and a toss of red plumage, Mrs. Cuddon had recognized them, ejaculated and vanished. There had been another moment at which she became aware of Sir Claude, also poised there in surprise, but out of her father's view, as if he had been warned off at the very moment of reaching them. It fell into its place with all the rest that she had heard Mrs. Beale say to her father, but whether low or loud was now lost to her, something about his having this time a new one; to which he had retorted something indistinct but apparently in the tone and of the sort that the child, from her earliest years, had associated with hearing somebody say to somebody else that somebody was "another." "Oh, I stick to the old!" Mrs. Beale had exclaimed at this, and her accent, even as the cab got away, was still in the air, for Maisie's companion had spoken no other word from the moment of whisking her off — none at least save the indistinguishable address which, over the top of the hansom and poised on the step, he had given the driver. Reconstructing these things later, Maisie believed that she, at this point, would have put a question to him had not the silence into which he charmed her, or scared her — she could scarcely tell which — come from his suddenly making her feel his arm about her, feel, as he drew her close, that he was agitated in a way he had never yet shown her. It seemed to her that he trembled, trembled too much to speak, and this had the effect of making her, with an emotion which, though it had begun to throb in an instant, was by no means all dread, conform to his portentous hush. The act of possession that his pressure represented seemed to come back to her after the longest of the long intermissions that had ever let anything come back. They drove and drove, and he kept her close; she stared straight before her, holding her breath, watching one dark street succeed another and strangely conscious that what it all meant was somehow that papa was less to be left out of everything than she had supposed. It took her but a minute to surrender to this discovery, which, in the form of his present embrace, suggested a fresh kind of importance in him and with that a confused confidence. She neither knew exactly what he had done nor what he was doing; she could only be rather impressed and a little proud, vibrate with the sense that he had jumped up to do something and that she had as quickly become a part of it. It was a part of it too that here they were at a house that seemed not large, but in the fresh white front of which the street-lamp

showed a smartness of flower-boxes. The child had been in thousands of stories—all Mrs. Wix's and her own, to say nothing of the richest romances of French Elise—but she had never been in such a story as this. By the time he had helped her out of the cab, which drove away, and she heard in the door of the house the prompt little click of his key, the Arabian Nights had quite closed round her.

From this minute they were in everything, particularly in such an instant "open sesame" and in the departure of a cab, a rattling void filled with relinquished step-parents; they were, with the vividness, the almost blinding whiteness of the light that sprang responsive to papa's quick touch of a little brass knob on the wall, in a place that, at the top of a short soft staircase, struck her as the most beautiful she had ever seen in her life. The next thing she perceived it to be was the drawing-room of a lady—oh, of a lady, she could see in a moment, and not of a gentleman, not even of one like papa himself, or even like Sir Claude—whose things were as much prettier than mamma's as it had always had to be confessed mamma's were prettier than Mrs. Beale's. In the middle of the small, bright room and the presence of more curtains and cushions, more pictures and mirrors, more palm-trees drooping over brocaded and gilded nooks, more little silver boxes scattered over little crooked tables and little oval miniatures hooked upon velvet screens than Mrs. Beale and her ladyship together could, in an unnatural alliance, have dreamed of mustering, the child became aware, with a swift possibility of compassion, of something that was strangely like a relegation to obscurity of each of those women of taste. It was a stranger operation still that her father should on the spot be presented to her as quite advantageously and even grandly at home in the dazzling scene and himself by so much the more separated from scenes inferior to it. She spent with him in it, while explanations continued to hang fire, twenty minutes that, in their sudden drop of danger, affected her, though there were neither buns nor ginger-beer, like an extemporized, expensive treat.

"Is she very rich?" He had begun to strike her as almost embarrassed, so shy that he might have found himself with a young lady with whom he had little in common. She was literally moved by this apprehension to offer him some tactful relief.

Beale Farange stood and smiled at his young lady, his back to the fanciful fireplace, his light overcoat—the very lightest in London—wide open and his wonderful lustrous beard completely concealing the expanse of his shirt-front. It pleased her more than ever to think that papa was handsome, and, though as high aloft as mamma, and almost, in his specially florid evening dress, as splendid, of a beauty somewhat less belligerent, less terrible. "The Countess? Why do you ask me that?"

Maisie's eyes opened wider. "Is she a Countess?"

There was an unaccustomed geniality in his enjoyment of her wonder. "Oh yes, my dear—but it is n't an English title."

Maisie's manner appreciated this. "Is it a French one?"

"No, nor French either. It's American."

Maisie conversed agreeably. "Ah, then, of course she is rich." She took in such a combination of nationality and rank. "I never saw anything so lovely."

"Did you have a sight of her?" Beale asked.

"At the Exhibition?" Maisie smiled. "She was gone too quick."

Her father laughed. "She *did* slope!" She was for a moment afraid he would say something about Mrs. Beale and Sir Claude: his unexpected gentleness was too mystifying. All he said was, the next minute: "She has a horror of vulgar scenes."

This was something Maisie need n't take up; she could still continue bland. "But where do you suppose she went?"

"Oh, I thought she'd have taken a cab and have been here by this time. But she'll turn up all right."

"I'm sure I *hope* she will," Maisie said. She spoke with an earnestness begotten of the impression of all the beauty around her, to which, in person, the Countess might make further contributions. "We came awfully fast," she added.

Her father again laughed loud. "Yes, my dear—I made you step out!" Beale hesitated; then he added: "I want her to see you." Maisie, at this, rejoiced in the attention that, for their evening out, Mrs. Beale, even to the extent of personally "doing up" her old hat, had given her appearance. Meanwhile her father went on: "You'll like her awfully."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall!"—after which, either from the effect of having said so much, or from that of a sudden glimpse of the impossibility of saying more, she felt an embarrassment and sought refuge in a minor branch of the subject. "I thought she was Mrs. Cuddon."

Beale's gaiety rather increased than diminished. "You mean my wife did? My dear child, my wife's a damned fool." He had the oddest air of speaking of his wife as of a person whom she might scarcely have known; so that the refuge of her scruple did n't prove particularly happy. Beale, on the other hand, appeared after an instant himself to feel a scruple. "What I mean is, to speak seriously, that she does n't really know anything about anything." He paused, following the child's charmed eyes and tentative step or two as they brought her nearer to the pretty things on one of the tables. "She thinks she has good things, do n't you know?" He quite jeered at Mrs. Beale's delusion.

Maisie felt she must confess that it was one:

everything she had missed at the sideshows was made up to her by the Countess' luxuries. "Yes," she considered — "she does think that."

There was again a dryness in the way Beale replied that it did n't matter what she thought; but there was an increasing sweetness for his daughter in being with him so long without his doing anything worse. The whole hour, of course, was to remain with her for days and weeks, ineffaceably illumined and confirmed; by the end of which she was able to read into it a hundred things that were at the moment mere miraculous pleasantness. What they then and there came to was simply that her companion was still excited, yet wished not to show it, and that just in proportion as he succeeded in this attempt he was able to encourage her to regard him as kind. He moved about the room after a little; showed her things, spoke to her as a person of taste, told her the name, which she remembered, of the famous French lady represented in one of the miniatures, and remarked, as if he had caught her wistful over a trinket or a trailing stuff, that he made no doubt the Countess, on coming in, would give her something jolly. He spied a pink satin box with a looking-glass let into the cover, which he raised, with a quick, facetious flourish, to offer her the privilege of six rows deep of chocolate bonbons, cutting out thereby Sir Claude, who had never gone beyond two rows. "I can do what I like with these," he said, "for I do n't mind telling you I gave 'em to her myself." The Countess had evidently appreciated the gift; there were numerous gaps, a ravage now quite unchecked, in the array. Even while they waited together Maisie had her sense, which was the mark of what their separation had become, of her having grown, for him, since the last time he had, as it were, noticed her, and by increase of years and of inches, if by nothing else, much more of a little person to reckon with. Yes, that was a part of the positive awkwardness that he carried off by being almost foolishly tender. There was a passage during which, on a yellow silk sofa, under one of the palms, he had her on his knee, stroking her hair, playfully holding her off while he showed his shining fangs and let her, with a vague, affectionate, helpless, pointless "Dear old girl, dear little daughter!" inhale the fragrance of his cherished beard. She must have been sorry for him, she afterwards knew; so well could she privately follow his difficulty in being specific to her about anything. She had such possibilities of vibration, of response, that it needed nothing more than this to make up to her in fact for omissions. The tears came into her eyes again, as they had come when, in the park, that day, the Captain told her so excitingly that her mother was good. What was this but exciting, too, this still directer goodness of her father and this unexampled shining solitude with him, out of which everything had dropped but that he was papa and that he was magnificent? It did n't spoil

it that she finally felt he must have, as he became restless, some purpose he did n't quite see his way to bring out; for in the freshness of their recovered fellowship she would have lent herself gleefully to his suggesting, or even to his pretending, that their relations were easy and graceful. There was something in him that seemed — and quite touchingly — to ask her to help him to pretend, pretend he knew enough about her life and her education, her means of subsistence and her view of himself, to give the questions he could n't put her a natural domestic tone. She would have pretended with ecstasy if he could only have given her the cue. She waited for it while, between his big teeth, he breathed the sighs she did n't know to be stupid; and as if he had drawn — rather red with the confusion of it — the pledge of her preparation from her tears, he floundered about, wondering what the devil he could lay hold of.

XIX

When he had lighted a cigarette and begun to smoke in her face, it was as if he had struck with the match the note of some queer, clumsy ferment of old professions, old scandals, old duties, a dim perception of what he possessed in her, and what, if everything had only, damn it, been totally different, she might still be able to give him. What she was able to give him, however, as his blinking eyes seemed to make out through the smoke, would be simply what he should be able to get from her. To give something, to give here on the spot, was all her own desire. Among the old things that came back was her little instinct of keeping the peace; it made her wonder more sharply what particular thing she could do or not do, what particular word she could speak or not speak, what particular line she could take or not take that might, for every one, even for the Countess, give a better turn to the crisis. She was ready, in this interest, for an immense surrender, a surrender of everything but Sir Claude, of everything but Mrs. Beale. The immensity did n't include *them*; but if he had an idea at the back of his head, she had also one in a recess as deep, and for a time, while they sat together, there was an extraordinary mute passage between her vision of this vision of his, his vision of her vision, and her vision of his vision of her vision. What there was no effective record of, indeed, was the small, strange pathos, on the child's part, of an innocence so saturated with knowledge and so directed to diplomacy. What, further, Beale finally laid hold of while he masked again with his fine presence half the flounces of the fire-place was, "Do you know, my dear, I shall soon be off to America?"

It struck his daughter both as a short cut, and as the way he would n't have said it to his wife. But his wife figured with a bright superficial assurance in her response.

"Do you mean with Mrs. Beale?"

Her father looked at her hard. "Do n't be a little ass!"

Her silence appeared to represent a concentrated effort not to be. "Then with the Countess?"

"With her or without her, my dear—that concerns only your poor daddy. She has big interests over there, and she wants me to take a look at them."

Maisie threw herself into them. "Will that take very long?"

"Yes; they're in such a muddle—it may take months. Now what I want to hear, you know, is whether you would like to come along."

Planted once more before him in the middle of the room, she felt herself turning white. "I?" she gasped, yet feeling as soon as she had spoken that such a note of dismay was not altogether pretty. She felt it still more while her father replied, with a shake of his legs, a toss of his cigarette-ash and a fidgety look—he was forever taking one—all the length of his waistcoat and trousers, that she need n't be quite so disgusted. It helped her in a few seconds to appear more as he would like her that she saw, in the lovely light of the Countess's splendour, exactly, however she appeared, the right answer to make. "Dear papa, I'll go with you anywhere."

He turned his back to her and stood with his nose at the glass of the chimneypiece while he brushed specks of ash out of his beard. Then he abruptly said: "Do you know anything about your brute of a mother?"

It was just of her brute of a mother that the manner of the question in a remarkable degree reminded her: it had the free flight of one of Ida's fine bridgings of space. With the sense of this was kindled for Maisie at the same time an inspiration. "Oh yes, I know everything!"—and she became so radiant that her father, seeing it in the mirror, turned back to her, and presently, on the sofa, had her on his knee again and was again particularly stirring. Maisie's inspiration was to the effect that the more she should be able to say about mamma, the less she would be called upon to speak of her step-parents. She kept hoping that the Countess would come in before her power to protect them was exhausted; and it was now, in closer quarters with her companion, that the idea at the back of her head shifted its place to her lips. She told him she had met her mother in the park with a gentleman, who, while Sir Claude had strolled with her ladyship, had been kind and had sat and talked to her; narrating the scene with a remembrance of her pledge of secrecy to the Captain quite brushed away by the joy of seeing Beale listen without profane interposition. It was almost an amazement, but indeed all a joy, thus to be able to guess that papa was at last quite tired of his anger—of his anger, at any rate, about mamma. He was only bored with her now. That

made it, however, the more imperative that this spent displeasure should n't be blown out again. It charmed the child to see how much she could interest him, and the charm remained even when, after asking her a dozen questions, he observed, musingly and a little obscurely, "Yes—damned if she won't!" For in this, too, there was a detachment, a wise weariness that made her feel safe. She had had to mention Sir Claude, though she mentioned him as little as possible, and Beale only appeared to look quite over his head. It pieced itself together for her that this was the mildness of general indifference; a source of profit so great for herself personally that if the Countess was the author of it she was prepared literally to hug the Countess. She betrayed that eagerness by a restless question about her; to which her father replied: "Oh, she has a head on her shoulders—I'll back her to get out of anything!" He looked at Maisie quite as if he would trace the connection between her inquiry and the impatience of her gratitude. "Do you mean to say," he presently went on, "that you'd really come with me?"

She felt as if he were now looking at her very hard indeed, and also as if she had grown ever so much older. "I'll do anything in the world you ask me, papa."

He gave again, with a laugh and with his legs apart, his proprietary glance at his waistcoat and trousers. "That's a way, my dear, of saying, 'No, thank you!' You know you do n't want to go the least little mite. You can't humbug *me*!" Beale Farange declared. "I do n't want to bully you—I never bullied you in my life; but I make you the offer, and it's to take or to leave. Your mother will never again have any more to do with you than if you were a kitchen-maid she had turned out for going wrong. Therefore, of course, I'm your natural protector, and you've a right to get everything out of me you can. Now's your chance, you know—you'll be a great fool if you do n't. You can't say I do n't put it before you—you can't say I ain't kind to you, or that I do n't play fair. Mind you never say that, you know—it *would* bring me down on you. I know what's proper—I'll take you again, just as I *have* taken you again and again and again. And I'm much obliged to you for making up such a face."

She was conscious enough that her face indeed could n't please him if it showed any sign—just as she hoped it did n't—of her sharp impression of what he now really wanted to do. Was n't he trying to turn the tables on her, embarrass her somehow into admitting that what would really suit her little book would be, after doing so much for good manners, to leave her wholly at liberty to arrange for herself? She began to be nervous again: it rolled over her that this was their parting, their parting forever, and that he had brought her there for so many caresses only because it was important

such an occasion should look better for him than any other. For her to spoil it by the note of discord would certainly give him ground for complaint; and the child was momentarily bewildered between her alternatives of agreeing with him about her wanting to get rid of him and displeasing him by pretending to stick to him. So she found for the moment no solution but to murmur very helplessly: "Oh papa—oh papa!"

"I know what you're up to—do n't tell me!" After which he came straight over and, in the most inconsequent way in the world, clasped her in his arms a moment and rubbed his beard against her cheek. Then she understood, as well as if he had spoken it, that what he wanted, hang it, was that she should let him off with all the honours—with all the appearance of virtue and sacrifice on his side. It was exactly as if he had broken out to her: "I say, you little donkey, help me to be irreproachable, to be noble, and yet to have none of the beastly bore of it. There's only impropriety enough for one of us; so you must take it all. Repudiate your dear old daddy—in the face, mind you, of his tender supplications. He can't be rough with you—it is n't in his nature; therefore you will have successfully chucked him because he was too generous to be as firm with you, poor man, as was, after all, his duty." This was what he communicated in a series of tremendous pats on the back; that portion of her person had never been so thumped since Moddle thumped her when she choked. After a moment he gave her the further impression of having become sure enough of her to be able, very gracefully, to say out: "You know your mother loathes you, loathes you simply. And I've been thinking over your man—the fellow you told me about."

"Well," Maisie replied with competence, "I'm sure of him."

Her father was vague an instant. "Do you mean sure of his liking you?"

"Oh no, of his liking *her*!"

Beale had a return of gaiety. "There's no accounting for tastes! It's what they all say, you know."

"I do n't care—I'm sure of him!" Maisie repeated.

"Sure, you mean, that she'll bolt?"

Maisie knew all about bolting, but, decidedly, she was older, and there was something in her that could wince at the way her father made the word boom out. It prompted her to amend his allusion; which she did by returning: "I do n't know what she'll do. But she'll be happy."

"Let us hope so," said Beale with bright, unusual mildness. "The more happy she is, at any rate, the less she'll want you about. That's why I press you," he agreeably pursued, "to consider this handsome offer—I mean seriously, you know—of your sole surviving parent." Their eyes, at

this, met again in a long and extraordinary communion which terminated in his ejaculating: "Ah, you little scoundrel!" She took it from him in the manner that it seemed to her he would prefer, and with a success that encouraged him to go on: "You *are* a deep little devil!" Her silence, ticking like a watch, acknowledged even this; in confirmation of which he finally brought out: "You've settled it with the other pair!"

"Well, what if I have?"—she sounded to herself most bold.

Her father roared quite as in the old days. "Why, do n't you know they're awful?"

She grew bolder still. "I do n't care—not a bit!" "But they're probably the worst people in the world and the very greatest criminals," Beale pleasantly urged. "I'm not the man, my dear, not to let you know it."

"Well, it does n't prevent them from loving me. They love me tremendously." Maisie turned crimson to hear herself.

Her father hesitated: almost any one—let alone a daughter—would have seen how conscientious he wanted to be. "I dare say. But do you know why?" She braved his eyes, and he added: "You're a jolly good pretext."

"For what?" Maisie asked.

"Why, for their game. I need n't tell you what that is."

The child reflected. "Well, then that's all the more reason."

"Reason for what, pray?"

"For their being kind to me."

"And for your keeping in with them?"

Beale roared again; it was as if his spirits rose and rose. "Do you realize, pray, that in saying that you're a monster?"

Maisie turned it over. "A monster?"

"They've made one of you. Upon my honour it's quite awful. It shows the sort of people they are. Do n't you understand," Beale pursued, "that when they've made you as horrid as they can—as horrid as themselves—they'll just simply chuck you?"

Maisie, at this, had a flicker of passion. "They won't chuck me!"

"Excuse me," her father courteously insisted; "it's my duty to put it before you. I should n't forgive myself if I did n't point out to you that they'll cease to require you." He spoke as if with an appeal to her intelligence that she must be ashamed not adequately to meet, and this gave a still higher grace to his superior delicacy.

It had, after an instant, the illuminating effect he intended. "Cease to require me because they won't care—?" She paused with that sketch of her idea.

"Of course, Sir Claude won't care if his wife bolts. That's his game—it will suit him down to the ground."

This was a proposition Maisie could perfectly embrace, but it still left a loophole for triumph. She considered a little. "You mean if mamma does n't come back ever at all?" The composure with which her face was presented to that prospect would have shown a spectator the long road she had travelled. "Well, but that won't put Mrs. Beale—"

"In the same comfortable position—?" Beale took her up with relish; he had sprung to his feet again, shaking his legs and looking at his shoes. "Right you are, darling! Something more will be wanted for Mrs. Beale." He hesitated; then he added: "But she may not have long to wait for it."

Maisie also for a minute looked at his shoes, though they were not the pair she most admired, the laced yellow "uppers" and patent-leather complement. At last, with a question, she raised her eyes. "Are you not coming back?"

Once more he hung fire; after which he gave a small laugh that, in the oddest way in the world, reminded her of the unique sounds she had heard emitted by Mrs. Wix. "It may strike you as extraordinary that I should make you such an admission; and in point of fact you're not to understand that I do. But we'll put it that way to help your decision. The point is, that that's the way my wife will presently be sure to put it. You'll hear her shrieking that she's deserted, in order that she may proceed to desert. She'll be as free as she likes then—as free, you see, as your mother's ass of a husband. They won't have anything more to consider, and they'll just put you into the street. Do I understand," Beale inquired, "that, in the face of what I press upon you, you still prefer to take the risk of that?" It was the most wonderful appeal any gentleman had ever addressed to his daughter, and it had placed Maisie in the middle of the room again, while her father moved slowly about her with his hands in his pockets, and something in his step that seemed, more than anything else he had done, to show the habit of the place. She turned her fevered little eyes over his friend's brightnesses, as if, on her own side, to press for some help in a quandary unexampled. As if, also, the pressure reached him, he, after an instant, stopped short, completing the prodigy of his attitude and the grace of his loyalty by a supreme formulation of the general inducement. "You have an eye, love! Yes—there's money. No end of money."

This affected her for a moment like some great flashing dazzle in one of the pantomimes to which Sir Claude had taken her: she saw nothing in it but what it directly conveyed. "And shall I never, never see you again—?"

"If I do go to America?" Beale brought it out like a man. "Never, never, never!"

Hereupon, with the utmost absurdity, she broke down; everything gave way, everything but the horror of hearing herself definitely utter such an ugliness as the acceptance of that. So she only

stiffened herself and said: "Then I can't give you up."

She held him some seconds looking at her, showing her a strained grimace, a perfect parade of all his teeth, in which it seemed to her she could read the disgust he did n't quite like to express at this departure from the pliability she had practically promised. But before she could attenuate in any way the crudity of her collapse he gave an impatient jerk which took him to the window. She heard a vehicle stop; Beale looked out; then he freshly faced her. He still said nothing, but she knew the Countess had come back. There was a silence again between them, but with a different shade of embarrassment from that of their united arrival; and it was still without speaking that, abruptly repeating one of the embraces of which he had already been so liberal, he whisked her back to the yellow sofa just before the door of the room was thrown open. It was thus in renewed and intimate union with him that she was presented to a person whom she instantly recognized as the brown lady.

The brown lady looked almost as astonished, though not quite as alarmed, as when, at the Exhibition, she had gasped in the face of Mrs. Beale. Maisie, in truth, almost gasped in her own; this was with the fuller perception that she was brown indeed. She literally struck the child more as an animal than as a "real" lady: she might have been a clever, frizzled poodle in a frill, or a dreadful human monkey in a spangled petticoat. She had a nose that was far too big, and eyes that were far too small, and a moustache that was—well, not so happy a feature as Sir Claude's. Beale jumped up to her; while, to the child's astonishment, though as if in a quick intensity of thought, the Countess advanced as gaily as if, for many a day, nothing awkward had happened for any one. Maisie, in spite of a large acquaintance with the phenomenon, had never seen it so promptly established that nothing awkward was to be mentioned. The next minute the Countess had kissed her and exclaimed to Beale, with bright, tender reproach: "Why, you never told me *half*! My dear child," she cried, "it was awfully nice of you to come!"

"But she has n't come—she *won't* come!" Beale exclaimed. "I've put it to her how much you'd like it, but she declines to have anything to do with us."

The Countess stood smiling, and after an instant that was mainly taken up with the shock of her weird aspect Maisie felt herself reminded of another smile, which was not ugly, though also interested—the kind light thrown, that day in the Park, from the clean, fair face of the Captain. Papa's Captain—yes—was the Countess; but she was n't nearly so nice as the other: it all came back, doubtless, to Maisie's minor appreciation of ladies. "Should n't you like me," said this one endearingly, "to take you to Spa?"

"To Spa?" The child repeated the name to gain time, not to show how the Countess brought back to her a dim remembrance of a strange woman, with a horrid face, who once, years before, in an omnibus, bending to her from an opposite seat, had suddenly produced an orange and murmured: "Little dearie, won't you have it?" She had felt then, for some reason, a small, silly terror, though afterwards conscious that her interlocutress, unfortunately hideous, had particularly meant to be kind. This was also what the Countess meant; yet the few words she had uttered, and the smile with which she had uttered them, immediately cleared everything up. Oh no, she wanted to go nowhere with *her*, for her presence had already, in a few seconds, dissipated the happy impression of the room and put an end to the pride momentarily suggested by Beale's association with so much taste. There was no taste in his association with the short, fat, wheedling, whiskered person who had approached her, and in whom she had to recognize the only figure wholly without attraction that had become a party to an intimate connection formed in her immediate circle. She was abashed meanwhile, however, at having appeared to weigh the place to which she had been invited; and she added as quickly as possible: "It is n't to America then—?" The Countess, at this, looked sharply at Beale, and Beale, airily enough, asked what the deuce it mattered when she had already given him to understand that she wanted to have nothing to do with them. There followed, between her companions, a passage, of which the sense was drowned for her in the deepening inward hum of her mere desire to get off; though she was able to guess, later on, that her father must have put it to his friend that it was no use talking, that she was an obstinate little pig, and that, besides, she was really old enough to choose for herself. It glimmered back to her then as well that the Countess had cast derision on the question of America, and had offered her alternatives to Spa in the shape of any place she should like to go in all the rest of the world. It glimmered back to her indeed that she must have failed quite dreadfully to seem responsive and polite, inasmuch as, before she knew it, she had visibly given the impression that if they did n't allow her to go home she should cry. Oh! if there had ever been a thing to cry about, it was being found in that punishable little attitude toward the handsomest offers one had ever received. The great pain of the thing was that she could see the Countess liked her enough to wish to be liked in return; and it was from the idea of a return she sought to flee—it was the idea of a return that, after a confusion of loud words had arisen between the others, brought to her lips, with the tremor preceding disaster: "Can't I, please, be sent home in a cab?" Yes, the Countess wanted her, and the Countess was wounded and chilled, and she could n't help it, and it was all the more

dreadful because it only made the Countess more importunate and more disagreeable. The only thing that sustained either of them, perhaps, till the cab came—Maisie presently saw it would come—was its being in the air, somehow, that Beale had done what he wanted. He went out to look for a conveyance; the servants, he said, had gone to bed, but she should n't be kept beyond her time. The Countess left the room with him, and, alone in possession of it, Maisie hoped she would n't come back. It was all the effect of her face—the child simply could n't look at it and meet its expression half-way. All in a moment, too, that queer expression had leaped into the lovely things—all in a moment she had had to accept her father as liking some one whom, she was sure, neither her mother, nor Mrs. Beale, nor Mrs. Wix, nor Sir Claude, nor the Captain, nor even Mr. Perriam nor Lord Eric, could possibly have liked. Three minutes later, downstairs, with the cab at the door, it was perhaps as a final confession of not having much to boast of that, on taking leave of her, he managed to press her to his bosom without her seeing his face. For herself, she was so eager to go that their parting reminded her of nothing—not even of a single one of all the "nevers" that, above, as the penalty of not cleaving to him, he had attached to the question of their meeting again. There was something in the Countess that falsified everything, even the great interests in America, and yet more the first flush of that superiority to Mrs. Beale and to mamma which had been expressed in silver boxes. These were still there, but perhaps there were no great interests in America. Mamma had known an American who was not a bit like this one. She was not, however, of noble rank; her name was only Mrs. Tucker. Maisie's detachment would, all the same, have been more complete if she had not suddenly had to exclaim: "Oh, dear—I have n't any money!"

Her father's teeth, at this, were such a picture of appetite without action as to be a match for any plea of poverty. "Make your stepmother pay."

"Stepmothers *do n't* pay!" cried the Countess. "No stepmother ever paid in her life!" The next moment they were in the street together, and the next the child was in the cab, with the Countess, on the pavement, but close to her, quickly taking money from a purse whisked out of a pocket. Her father had vanished, and there was even yet nothing in that to reawaken the pang of loss. "Here's money," said the brown lady: "go!" The sound was commanding; the cab rattled off; Maisie sat there with her hand full of coin. All that for a cab?—as they passed a street-lamp she bent to see how much. What she saw was a cluster of sovereigns. There *must*, then, have been great interests in America. It was still, at any rate, the Arabian Nights.

(To be continued.)



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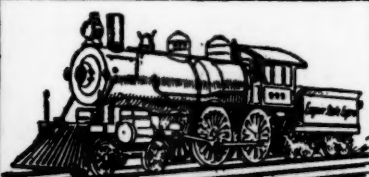
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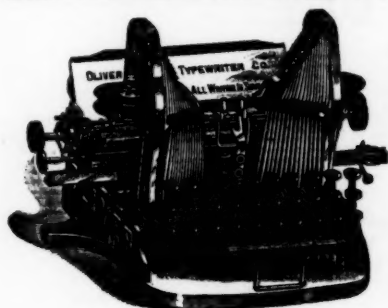
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SUPPLEMENT TO
The Chap-Book

Vol. VI, No. 12

Semi-Monthly

May 1, 1897

NOTICE.—*The FIRST EDITION of Mr. ROBERT HICHENS'S new and important novel, entitled "FLAMES: A London Fantasy," having been immediately sold out, a SECOND EDITION is now ready.*

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"And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames."

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Mr. Hichens has already accomplished a certain amount of work which has given him a right to esteem. His "Green Carnation" was a tissue of clever witticisms, which were perhaps not too difficult to achieve. His "Imaginative Man" was full of an atmosphere which, were the word not so greatly abused, might well be described as lurid. But here was the hand rather of the 'prentice than of the absolute workman. Nevertheless, the cast of the mind was displayed beyond doubt; and in "Flames" it stands out definitely revealed. In his last book Mr. Hichens has entirely proved himself. His talent does not so much lie in the conventional novel, but more in this strange and fantastic medium. "Flames" suits him, has him at his best.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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The CHAP-BOOK

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. VI, No. 12

May 1, 1897

LITERARY GREENS

WHEN the country-side has felt those "schowres swoote" that tinkle on the threshold of the Canterbury Prologue, there are wise rustic women who go afield, or along the margins of unkempt roads, in search of verdure for the family kitchen-pot. You may see them in short petticoats, their pink sun-bonnets duly pushed back, slowly walking, half-bent, knife in hand, scanning every early weed-shoot. And, by the way, it makes one's mouth juicy to think of what pungent delectation dwells between the bacon, boiled, then roasted brown, and the lush greens underneath it,—ah, the pork, the weeds, and the wine!

Spring has a way of whetting one's appetite for a smack of something absolutely natural. What we want is aboriginal food, the sort liked by our ancestors, who dug lush roots and gathered tender buds and leaves down the hill-slopes southward from their caves in the morning of the most ancient springtime; where, we know not,—but it was Arcadia. I myself have plucked the first yellowish leaf-buds of the sassafras, when April had but brightened them a trifle, that my tongue might anticipate the luxury soon to be everybody's own. Chlorophyl may be tasteless and scentless; yet it works wonders in the blood.

Bion's mind was upon a platter of country greens when he said: "Everything delicious bourgeons in spring,"—*πάντ' ἐίαρὸς ἀδία βλαστει*. He had the goat's instinct for a swelling bud of cyttus or a sappy spike or coarser greenery bursting through the soil between the rocks. Yesterday I saw from my study window a blue jay swoop down into the short brown grass of early spring. He stood a moment to look around, fearing my tortoise-shell cat's subtleties, then drove his stout beak into the chill, wet ground. Two, three, four strokes, I kept a steady gaze upon him through an opera-glass, while the work went on. Presently he plucked up a small white bulb, which he bore to an overhanging ash-tree bough. There he took his tid-bit between his feet, holding it firmly to the wood until he pecked it to fragments, each of which he swallowed with certain dainty after-snappings of his mandibles.

Now, we may laugh at the spring poet; to say the truth, he is vastly amusing, most notably so when crossing the bilious line between the passing of dried prunes and the advent of asparagus. All winter long he has fought jaundice and worried the editors, as a true poet must, losing faith and gaining spleen,—what more can he do than the blue jay has

done? At the first sight of lettuce or the first smell of spinach, off goes his song, rhyming "leaves" and "grieves." You may hear it begin what time you are unfolding your Sunday newspaper. The true meaning of its otherwise inexplicable chorus is: "The weeds are coming up; lo! lamb's quarter and sour dock once more garnish the roast of green shoulder." What if the flute of this irrepressible poet always is curiously apneumatic, you cannot escape a certain suggestion it emits, like a whiff from a pot of dandelion and mustard. And you know that the robins are mating.

Once upon a time—it was in a Southern mountain region—I came forth from a keen skirmish, slightly wounded, much blown, not to mention my great hunger; moreover, I was lost from my little command; for we had been scattered like quails. I remember how my horse went down under me, paralyzed by a shot through the spine, just where the saddle ended. He bumped the stony ground with a strange, rigid stroke. When I scrambled away from him he lay like a log. And the fellow who had killed him was continuing business with a sixteen-shot rifle; so I hustled myself up the hillside into the bushy wood above. An hour later I was in a cabin, which, amid its unkempt orchard, was delightfully scented with the fragrance of fruit-blossoms. How hungry I was! A very young soldier may well set his appetite forward against anybody's in the world.

High noon, late in March, the weather as sweet as if the breeze had been honey, a slow fire on the clay hearth, while the old mountain woman, who all alone held the cabin, was saying to me: "Bless yer little life, child, I ain got nothin' fitten' fer ye t' eat." At the same time there was a pot, three-legged, astride of some live brands, bubbling merrily. She was tying up my arm, where a bullet had raked off the skin. Meantime, all through me stole a sense of turnip-tops and side-o'-bacon. "I'm starving," I said; "I like greens. I know you're a good cook by the very tilt of that pot." She filled me full, the dear old woman; then I climbed over the mountain and reported to General Wafford.

It is not bad to the taste when a sudden vernal astringency announces that, in letters as well as in the weather, we are to have a change from gray stiffness to something flamboyant,—what was a sleet-covered twig is to be a spray of leaves and flowers. In winter, is there better reading than the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini? Let the thermometer lie on the hearth-rug and warm its bulb while I follow the boastful assassin from page to page; but when the first sugar-bird giggles in my maple-tree, no more of this literature of the grim. I look out upon life with a new eye-beam; for I hear the bubble of fresh sap.

Celtic sorrow, immemorial, congenital, lugubrious, is not to my liking as a steady diet. The hook-nosed gardener, Pierre Ronsard, sets me a welcome dish, with "*Mignonne, allons voir si la rose*" for a garnish.

From his table, however, I hurry on back through the centuries to the absolutely joyous Greeks. Give me Anakreon's Thracian filly browsing in the dewy pasture,—let me, too, eat grass and wear no bridle. What comfort can there possibly be in chewing the old cigar-stub of burnt-out dolorosities? Give me a young radish.

The swish of a fly-rod is in my ear, and the cool bubble and tumble of a brook attends it; but a nip of cress—ah! that lingers longest, the cress slightly bruised and festooned over a broiled bass. What a prickly, urgent smell it has! The fresh, aquatic green of it beggars art, so that no picture of such a dish ever could be true. Old Izaak Walton and I are friendly enough; but there is his barley wine, which he calls good liquor with trout, and I cannot thoroughly esteem a man of such taste. Nor have I the least pleasant thought of a certain Creole cook who daubed my flounder all over with a red paste of tomato.

I had been hidden back in the woods of Mississippi writing some historical sketches, meantime living on sweet potatoes, fried bacon, and Indian-corn bread, when a letter called me to New Orleans about the middle of May. It seemed to me, after I had fairly left the magnolia thickets and pine ridges behind, that I was really at the point of starvation. The train bore me with a rushing swing over bayous and grassy prairies and snipe-marshes; but it seemed to me that the town of Bienville would never be reached. I was thinking of a certain restaurant on the Rue Royale. And I shall never forget how I hastened to it when once my feet touched pavement. And what did I order? Celery, a Chicago steak, lettuce, stewed carrots, and—burr artichokes! You may laugh; but the claret was good. That evening I returned to the same table for dinner, so pleased was I with the morning snack, and then it was that my flounder came to be all jacketed in tomato-paste.

Horseradish, fresh from the ground, a thick, tender, snow-white root, full of tear-fetching juice, will help poor spring poetry along mightily. Every reviewer ought to keep such a thing handy, and chew the strongest end of it, that he may easily weep over those rhymes wherein "no more" and "heavenly shore" mark the high tide of melancholy due to long abstinence from greens. Certain good and great writers who of late years have been suffering with sociology—a dreadful disease—would find much relief in rhubarb sauce for breakfast.

I have noted that my robins and brown thrushes never bother their little heads with the "immitigable pathos of life"; they either go where they can get greens, or they very sweetly wait till the greens arrive. And it is a curious coincidence that the oscine head has not a suture in the skull, while the cranium of a sociologist is invariably cracked.

Have you ever bitten the cup of a cherry blossom? If you have not, go try it when the season is

on. A little later the red-clover flowers will give your tongue something to keep while life lasts,—a taste of honey so fine and pure that no bee ever works it over without spoiling it. The Greeks got this sort of florimel direct from human nectaries; they found words that still drip with absolute freshness,—their phrases are like inexhaustible honey-combs. Here is our lack; we have description enough and to spare, humor until we are tired of grinning, pathos and discontent beyond our need, everything, in fact, save genuine, joyous recognition of the good of life.

I do not know that what is popularly thought to be virility comes of eating jowl and early beet-leaves. In a narrow valley of East Tennessee, which slanted upward to a point among ochre-tinted foothills, I roomed with a shaggy doctor who had a theory that dyspepsia could be cured by making the patient live on lamb-chops and peas, including liberal potations of whisky embittered with dogwood bark taken early in the morning; but the doctor's literary taste was shown by the books he had thumbed into disreputable condition,—he was delighted with Shenstone's so-called poetry and with Walt Whitman's prose. And he worried our landlady day in and day out, as long as we stayed, for "just one more o' them stews o' jowl and beets." It seems to me that some of our literary reviewers and art-critics are blood-brothers to him,—for them something coarse, or nothing; considering Shenstone zero. "Virility" means whiskers nineteen inches long and a brain full of lewd vulgarities; yet, strange to say, most of the unmistakably virile novels are written by women!

But it is when greens have arrived, when

"Zephyrus eek with his swete breeth
Enspired hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes,"

that we fall into line with the hungry folk who long "to gou on pilgrimages" to the vegetable garden, or to the lobe behind the barn, where the pot-weeds thrive. Hens are cackling, cocks crowing, sheep bleating; hark how the plowman's voice comes from beyond the willow-fringed brook, singing a plaintive tune against the time when the dinner-horn shall blow. You will remember, when writing your next poem, that this plowman of a sudden stopped his tender ditty to curse his team on account of the plow-handle jabbing him under the ribs. But go to eleven o'clock dinner with him and see what the table has upon it to take the soreness out of his side. A boiled ham-bone, cabbage, corn-pone, and dried-apple pie.

The best plants for greens grow in rich soil. Find a residuary deposit where the rocks have decayed and fallen to dust; there the ground coddles esculent growths. Likewise on deep alluvium, and where ages have prepared a vegetable mold, good eatable plants gush up. The leavings of old times,

the dust of Homer, Pindar, Alcæus, Sappho, Horace, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare, the Bible, find out that deposit, and there look for greens, not in the worn-out soil of to-day. What fertile, virgin earth is young? Ask the geologist to speak. Where a tree rotted ages ago, there will a strong tree grow again. We must bring fertilizing matter down from the dead past to make our garden-stuff flourish.

The market for greens of the wholesomest sort may be demoralized; but then one may grow them for one's own table. Consider the lily; it offers no purple, no white, no green, for sale, but grows to the perfect stature of beauty, its "own excuse for being," in some lonely nook where never an eye sees it. Once, in the course of an archery tramp, I came to a rotting plantation-house, long ago abandoned. All around it the cotton-ridges were still traceable, albeit pine-trees a foot in diameter grew upon them. The old vegetable-garden with its borders of flowering-plants had left a sketch of itself. I sat down to eat my luncheon, and a moment later the smell of young onions, like the garlic-whiff that disturbed Tartarin on the Alps, thrilled in my nostrils. Nor was I long gathering plenty of tiny leek-like bulbs for my meal. Those onions were just as good as any that ever found high favor with a green-grocer. If nothing will satisfy you but to write for the magazines, do n't grumble when your literature is declined; possibly the editor does not want literature. Your course is to write what the editor wants and keep your vocal chords silent. But if you like greens, go gather them for your own "stomach's sake and your often infirmities," as the Apostle advised Timothy about wine. Shop-credit is well worth having; but what is like the nip of mint in a wilderness, a gush of priceless song far afield?

In the golden age of the old South, down on the Georgia plantation, baked 'possum demanded, besides persimmon beer to wash it down withal, a salad of sorrel and hard-boiled eggs; but the 'possum season and the time when sorrel flourished best were not synchronous, wherefore a great deal of care and labor were spent upon a little rude green-house called our "'possum-sorrel" box. And speaking of literary greens and Paul Dunbar, I used to hear a good old negro sing:

"Jis' afo' de cherry blossom
Yo' mus' quit er eatin' 'possum,
An' den yo' knows what gittin' hungry means,
A-scrapin' an' a-rakin'
Fo' jis' a smell o' bacon,
An' jis' a leetle plate o' collard greens."

Furthermore on this subject, when a poet gets hungry the agony is terrible, and I have heard that all American poets, and prose-writers too, are at the point of starvation. Not a blessed wisp of succulent verdure comes to their share. Well, they should have had better luck, been born in Scotland,

and stood around where Dr. Nicoll could discover them; that's the royal road to literary greens and a good time in America. You see, Dr. Nicoll keeps his 'possum-sorrel box always full of fresh plants, and with him didelphys is never out of season.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

REVIEWS

CANADIAN HISTORY

A HISTORY OF CANADA.—By Charles D. Roberts.
12mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$2.00.

HOWEVER it may be on the other side of the international line, there is room on this side for a good history of Canada. The book that takes the place must have the qualities that will appeal particularly to the reader of general cultivation and interests, who is a man, be it observed, that knows little about the history of Canada, save as it is intertwined with our own history. So far from having any full view of Canada in his mind, the well-read American has but scant appreciation of the fact that a great people has been slowly forming on our Northern frontier, that it is now some five millions strong, and that it is surely destined, in some form, to play no inconsiderable part in the history of the future. Such a book as we have in mind would therefore meet a need if not a want.

The work before us, in some particulars, is well adapted to meet this need. It is well conceived, is comprehensive in plan, the materials are well chosen, proportion of parts is observed, and the style is commonly clear and flowing, not often marred by ambitious attempts at fine writing. It is a book for the cultivated reader, but not for the specialist. It has no claim to original research. It does not in any way come into competition with Dr. Kingsford's labored work. On the whole, it can be recommended to the class of readers for whom it is obviously intended.

Still, the book has its faults. It is discouraging, for example, to find a Canadian writer, on the eve of the fourth centennial of John Cabot's great achievement, confusing the Cabot voyages and mistaking their dates, as is done on page 7. If Mr. Roberts has any evidence to show that "the Cabots, in 1498, explored the whole coast [of North America] from Labrador to South Carolina," and that, "in a second expedition, sent out the following year by Henry VII, the Cabots turned their sails northward, seeking a road to India," and "got as far as the mouth of Hudson's Straits," he should instantly produce it. His countrymen are preparing to celebrate the Venetian navigator's landfall the coming summer, and so are the English and Americans. The assumption that the writer meant 1497 when he wrote 1498 will not extricate him from the difficulty; for the first voyage was to the north and the

second one to the south. In those parts of his story where there is most likelihood of wounding American sensibilities, the author seeks to be discriminating and fair, but does not always succeed. He lays the blame of our Revolution, which resulted in the division of the English race, partly on the British Ministry and Parliament and partly on our own agitators. He condemns unsparingly, and with much reason, the treatment that was meted out to the Loyalists at the close of the war; but does not explain how, considering the nature of the conflict, and the character of government in the United States at the time, these Loyalists could reasonably have expected a happier fate. There is no doubt a growing tendency on the part of American writers, and perhaps of the general public, to reconsider the case against the Tories of the Revolution; it is pleasing to know that they bore an important part in founding great commonwealths in the Northern wilderness; but it was hardly in human nature, at the close of the American Revolution, to treat these unfortunate people with the consideration that every humane man must now wish had been possible. Again, the writer is prompt to condemn the brutalities of war when the Americans are to blame; but there is no word of condemnation for the employment, by the British government, of the Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife, both in the Revolution and the War of 1812. He condemns the barbarity of the Kentucky troops "in mutilating the dead hero," Tecumseh, but does not even mention the inhuman massacre at Frenchtown, although he tells us that his victory gained for Colonel Proctor the commission of a brigadier-general.

But the book is to be commended, despite its minor faults. It is a handsome volume—good paper, type, and presswork—and contains the needed map of Canada.

A MINOR TREASURY OF BRITISH POETRY

A TREASURY OF MINOR BRITISH POETRY.—*Edited by J. Churton Collins, M.A. 8vo. Edward Arnold. \$2.50.*

IF Mr. Collins had held to his text, if he could but have kept his errant wit within the limits of its best idea, here would have been the second best anthology in English. As disclosed by the preface, the object in making this beautiful book—which it is, quite irrespective of the contents—was to bring together the poetry of those whose notes were too frail or too few for the purposes of the editors of *The Golden Treasury* and its successors. Mr. Collins holds that it is not alone in the classics or *tour de force* of a generation that the spirit of it lives and breathes. These, indeed, are epoch-marking, rather than epoch-making. Long before some great trumpet has blown from it

a nation-shaking blast, even before the pursing of the lips for strains which shall quicken the footsteps of the world, here and there have been sounded slender notes from which the master has caught his key. All this was in the editor's mind when he planned his volume, and the merit of the thought gives his work a value which would have been supreme had his performance equaled but the half of his admirable intention. Perhaps it was too much to expect one man to do, and so we shall be grateful, for both the design and the execution, however this last may limp.

One sentence in the preface, dull as that is, also demands thankfulness. "It would be no exaggeration to say," remarks the editor, "that many, and very many, of the minor poets of the last sixty years would, had they lived a century and a half ago, have become famous." This has been felt frequently, but never more tersely stated. It prepares us, too, for an appreciative treatment of the later poets; something better than Mr. Collins succeeds in according their predecessors. Of these a score of names appropriate to his purpose springs into the mind—of poets whose work deserves high praise, equaling that of many of the ancients, if it be not of the first order of excellence. Thackeray, Faber, De Tabley, De Vere, Dobell, Edward Fitzgerald, Patmore, William Morris, Romanes, George Eliot are among them. Will it be believed, then, that not one of these is represented by a line in this curious collection? We have eight examples of Landor; we have Blake, Cory, Procter, Clough, Praed, Felicia Hemans, Caroline Norton, Ebenezer Elliott, Kingsley, Noel, Locker-Lampson, and a host of others not so well known; Christina Rossetti, but not her brother; Calverley, but not Stephen. It seems that caprice ruled, and prejudice rather than reason.

Yet these are sins of omission only; questions of taste, some of them, perhaps, that may not be amenable to argument. Here come overt acts which should lie heavily on Mr. Collins's head: in transcribing the eleventh line of Joseph Blanco White's majestic sonnet, *Night and Death*, he has abided by neither of the accepted versions, but has changed the word *fly* to *flow'r*. He has a note upon that, as upon most of the poems; yet he makes no mention of the emendation, nor of the fact that it was suggested by Mr. Mains some years ago. A few pages before are printed Francis W. Bourdillon's beautiful lines on *Light*:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Mr. Collins inserts commas at the end of the third lines in both stanzas, and prints the last verse, "When love is gone," with this explanation: "I have taken the liberty to substitute [*sic*] 'gone' for 'done,' feeling sure that 'done' must be a misprint." In other words, he has seen fit to disregard the far from unusual meaning of "done" as "finished" or "ended," and in this spasm of ignorance has deliberately replaced a perfect rhyme with a barely permissible one, clashing a guttural in upon the delightful melody which gives the charming thought its frame of appropriate delicacy. This is an astonishing impertinence, and there are several others in the book only less flagrant.

Of Mr. Collins's repeated violations of his promise not to print verses made trite by iterated inclusions in other collections, there is no room here to speak; nor of the curious appetite he manifests for mortuary verse, which leads him to include a number of epitaphs he has happened upon, except that this last may in a measure account for the funereal dreariness of his preface.

CIRCUS FOLK

MADemoiselle BLANCHE.—By John D. Barry.
12mo. Stone & Kimball. \$1.50.

THE story of Mademoiselle Blanche is, after all, but the story of Mademoiselle's husband; for, whether in her white silk fleshings with her white ribbons and white roses making her ninety-foot plunge from the top of the Paris Cirque, or going to morning mass on Sundays in her simple gray dress and fur-tipped cap, she is like some delicate pastel of Leloir's—and scarcely more living. The real people—her husband, her old nurse, and the coarse sterling mother—move about her almost as about a doll, so soft, so quiet, so will-less is she. Her dramatic appearances are heralded from city to city in large type, her family live in luxury upon her large earnings, her tears are seen, her sorrows known, and yet as removed and misty as in a dream. Even her robust baby seems to belong more to the nurse than to her. Whether by intent or nature, the creator of Mademoiselle Blanche has represented with wonderful effect the sacrifice and daily self-effacement of this gentle little acrobat, and given to her death a pathos all the more moving that it is surrounded by so much idle sparkle and tinsel. But when at the last, instead of running so prettily to its edge with smiles and kisses of her hands, Mademoiselle Blanche lies a limp, white heap in the middle of the big net, one feels sorry for the big unworthy Jules and the baby in the shabby lodgings. It is as if a little china Lady of Sorrows had been broken.

To spoil the story part by thus practically telling its plot is but a slight breach of faith, for no one is likely to read or avoid it on this account. Its incidents are too usual, its coloring too pale, its

dramatic interest too slight. To be a good girl and a good trapezist, by these means to infatuate a vain young man, and for the few months preceding marriage to build up in him a simulacrum of real love by the trust and purity of one's own,—this is all the heroine's art. The backbone of the book's interest lies in the disintegration of the husband-manager. Only once has the adequate story of all egoists been written,—on that great Meredithian page so macrocosmic that every man finds his own special heritage of the beast revealed to him there. Jules le Baron is simply the ordinary male whose native selfishness meets with no more opposition than that accorded by his affectionate women folk. No monster, but a typical Frenchman. Fairly honest and honorable in business, and made decent by a sincere love, he finds in his wife a mush of concession and adoration that no man could endure with sanity. From living upon a woman's earnings, the descent for a lazy man is easy, and it is tiresome for a man who has married a "star" to find her transformed into a piece of pure domesticity at the advent of the first inconvenient baby. Selfishness is not very adaptable, and so Jules, aggrieved and bored, turns to a lady speaking the weird language of "the States," and swimming in the circus tank like forty ducks. The touches by which this character is shown in its bloom and decay are neither sordid nor coarse, but just, truthful, and most interesting. The author's style has directness and simplicity. There is, beside, a special charm of refinement, due to the personality of the writer rather than to theme or treatment. The book is too long, however, by many pages. A stiff condensation and consequent quicker motion would have brought its workmanship nearer perfection. The only bit of doubtful taste and questionable medicine is the introduction of the "slumbering meningitis" which wakens up with such serious results for poor Mademoiselle Blanche. She might at least have been spared that.

Wise old Plato would have none of the tale, for it presents all too eloquently the picture of the selfish and the brutal; the new woman—if indeed there be such—will see in it the righteous judgment upon her who obeys, but the general reader—and there are sure to be a number—will be grateful to Mr. Barry for a true ware, wherein is both justice and sweetness.

FIFTY YEARS OF INDIA

FIFTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES OF INDIA: A RETROSPECT OF TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SHIKAR.—By Colonel Pollok. 8vo. Edward Arnold. \$4.00.

THESE reminiscences of an old campaigner are honest, hearty, almost wholly unimportant, filled with fun and sport, fighting and hard work, and told in Anglo-Indian. Colonel Pollok was born in India, taken to England to be educated, and sent back, in the

employment of the Madras Presidency, when he was sixteen years old. He came of a family old and distinguished in the service of the East India Company, and his own career with it began in 1845, when influence was everything. Soon after his arrival he met a more distinguished member of a family still more distinguished in the East—Colonel John Shakespear, cousin-german to William Makepeace Thackeray, and the original of Colonel Newcome. The author's pen-portrait of him is worth remembering: "I had been a short while in Secunderabad, when there was a grand field-day. As a griff, I was a mere looker-on. Standing near the flag-staff, I noticed a particularly handsome man in a gorgeous native costume talking to the Brigadier, James. He was fair, with blue eyes, jet-black hair, whiskers and beard parted at the chin and brushed up towards the ears, with a long, drooping moustache; I do n't think I ever saw a finer or a handsomer man. He was superbly mounted. From his dress, I thought he was some great man from the city, and was astonished at his talking in fluent English; so I asked a by-stander who was the native who was conversing with the General. He replied, 'What native?' I said, 'The one in the gorgeous costume, with the blue eyes and black beard.' He burst out laughing, and said: 'Why, do n't you know who that is? Why, it is Shakespear, of the Nizam Irregular Calvary.'"

During the Sepoy Mutiny, Colonel Pollok was on engineering duty in Burmah. His experiences, there and in India, were both vivid and varied, and his liking for the natives, reciprocated by them, makes his account of them both real and entertaining, free, as it is, from all technicalities and scientific pretense. The latter half of the book is given up to *shikar*, and, without intending the slightest innuendo, Colonel Pollok's career as a sportsman has only been equalled, we believe, by that of the late *Freiherr von Münchhausen*. Let him tell his own stories:

"On one occasion, near the Manass, two rhinoceroses charged me out of the dry bed of a rivulet. They came at me open-mouthed. I dropped them both, right and left, dead. They were as pretty a couple of shots as I ever made."

"A tigress trotted on one side, whilst a tiger appeared on the other. Taking the tigress between the shoulder-blades, I fired, and then, rapidly shifting my aim, I knocked over the tiger."

"I poured a charge of buckshot into the horseshoe [formed by a charging bear's forelegs], and over he rolled right onto his mate. With a deep groan of disgust she turned to fly, and in so doing exposed her broadside, and a right and left laid her low."

So far, the intrepid author has been selecting his victims two by two, as if to populate the ark of some new Noah in the Happy Hunting-Grounds. In this last he excels even that practice:

"The tiger and tigress were close together, almost touching. Firing at the junction of the neck

and head, I rolled over the two with one shot. It passed clean through both, and my left barrel caught one of the youngsters. She was unable to move, the conical [bullet] having traversed the body."

The work concludes—appropriately enough, for the Colonel was nothing if not a *bon vivant*—with a number of recipes for Indian dishes, curries, kitcheneries, and chuppatties, reading quite as temptingly as the details of the life they went to sustain.

WELL-CONSIDERED MISGUIDANCE

ENGLISH VERSIFICATION, BEING A COMPLETE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE WHOLE SUBJECT.—By E. Wadham. 8vo. Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.00.

WHEN a work on English versification omits even a reference to large branches of that great topic, contains nothing good which is not borrowed without credit, and nothing original which is good, yet styles itself "a complete practical guide to the whole subject," the student feels as if he had snared a Snark.

Mr. Wadham's book is not so much a contribution as a deprivation. He waves aside whole cycles of poets, and ignores entire schools of investigators. His attitude is that of Omar toward the library at Alcoran. For example, Messrs. Tomlinson, Mains, Noble, and other analysts of the Sonnet are disposed of with the statement that "the rhymes may be in any order, with the limitation that there be only three different endings in the first eight lines,"—almost the only wrong thing which could be said. When William Drummond's *My Lute, Be as Thou Wast*, is cited in proof—after making no less than ten corrections in the poet's phrasing—he goes on to say, "Here, indeed, there are but two rhyme-endings within the prescribed limits, but it seems there is no regulation against that." By omitting all consideration of verse-endings, stopped and unstopped, much of the work of Professors Mayor and Sidgwick, Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, John Addington Symonds, and many more, goes for naught. The entire array of Messrs. Gosse, Swinburne, Payne, Dobson, Lang, and others is passed by, the author taking "roundel" to mean "a couplet, triplet, or quatrain, alternated with lines of the same or different length."

This mania for a new nomenclature leads Mr. Wadham to call feminine endings "odd-overs," and iambs, trochees, anapæsts, and dactyls "marches," "trips," "quicks," and "reverts," respectively, the last-named being dismissed contemptuously with the remark, "Anyhow, it is a foot and term which will trouble us little."

The book can be commended as containing 154 pages of well-considered misguidance, and as being of the utmost inverse value to the studious.

SOME SIMPLE VERSES

EASTER BELLS.—By Margaret D. Sangster. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

CALM, unruffled serenity, and a profound expression of the truths of revealed religion, inform Mrs. Sangster's melodious verses. She sings of Easter, Christmas, Thanksgiving Day, the New Year, and the pleasures of home with the devout spirit of Keble, but, unlike him, animates her poems with a sincere love for and knowledge of nature, both in its tenderer external aspects and as manifesting the beneficence of the Creator.

A frank and delightful innocence characterizes the contents of the volume as a whole. Here, one says, are the outpourings from the soul of a woman upon whom the sun has shone with steadfastness, and whose attitude toward the unfortunate is therefore that of a warm-hearted sympathizer, not of a fellow-sufferer. Here are no outcries, no beatings of passionate wings against the bars, but a continued expression of content.

The result is, that Mrs. Sangster's placid message will be delivered to those who stand least in need of it: to the dwellers in easy places, who hate to be reminded of the squalor and misery in the world of man or of the implacability in the realms of nature.

But if the songs are in no way momentous, they are not lacking in sweetness and lyrical power. This is the first stanza of the poem called *Gardens*:

"The wide, fair gardens, the rich lush gardens,
Which no man planted, and no man tills;
Their strong seeds drifted, their brave bloom lifted,
Near and far over vales and hills;
Sip the bees from their cups of sweetness,
Poises above them the wild free wing,
And night and morn from their doors are borne
The dreams of the tunes that blithe hearts sing."

The melody of this is not exceptional, but the poet is most characteristic when clothing old thoughts of homely topics in such language as she feels to be appropriate. She is abundantly justified in speaking of her own verses as "simple."

THE ECONOMY OF ROMANCING

THE FALCON OF LANGÉAC.—By Isabel Whiteley. 12mo. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

IF it be granted once and for all that constructive ability is quite extrinsic to a talent for romantic writing, and that the novel of adventure is a foredoomed invertebrate, *The Falcon of Langéac* will come in for subdued praise. The book is momentarily pleasant, and the style has a mild simplicity which is unaffected and satisfactory. It is even almost invariably grammatical. The character-drawing is not especially keen,—indeed, on the

whole, rather shifty and various,—yet at any given moment it is fearfully pleasing. The abbey-fortress of Mont Saint Michel at the height of its splendor is a pretty and perfectly delightful setting for the story. The author's good taste is beyond reproach, and her book is well-bred. It can give no tingle of excitement, but without doubt may yield a chastened pleasure.

After his mother's death, the young Sieur de Langéac flees to Mont Saint Michel with his cousin Constance, to escape the machinations of his brother Malo. Malo abstains entirely from devices of evil, and only reappears at the end to sink into a quicksand. For all that, the hero and his Constance are not free from the menace of episodic, fragmentary, and at times inexplicable dangers. These difficulties, though they threaten and abate somewhat mechanically, are not necessarily dull reading, if each page of a novel is separately to justify its own existence. This is the practical art of romance-writing as understood by our lesser practitioners, a fresh shuffling of the common stock of incidents, after the manner of blocks in the classic 15-13-14 puzzle. To the authors of such amorphous tales their composition must serve as wholesome and temperate gymnastics, a penance rather than serious labor. The result is rarely a valuable literature.

A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS

A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS, BEING A MEMOIR OF BYRON CALDWELL SMITH. Edited by D. O. Kellogg. 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

NO recent disclosure of an almost unknown personality, with its tacit invitation for the public to condole with a grief it has hardly felt, is more likely to receive a sympathetic response than these memoirs of Byron Caldwell Smith. His classmate, Dr. D. O. Kellogg, has prepared a brief and moving account of his earlier and later years; the rest of the volume is devoted to the letters written to his family during his student-life abroad.

Byron Caldwell Smith was born in a small Ohio town in 1849, and soon after went with his parents to a similar spot in Illinois. His father, never in affluent circumstances, was a country editor. Young Smith was graduated in 1868 from the Illinois College in Jacksonville, founded by the "Yale Band of Seven" in 1829. The September following he went abroad, and was, successively, a student in Heidelberg, Berlin, Vienna, and Athens. His family removed to Kansas, where his father became a member of the state legislature. After forty-three months in Europe, the young man returned to accept the chair of Greek in the State University at Lawrence, then newly founded. Religious intolerance drove him hence at the moment of his supreme use-

fulness. He became an editorial writer for the *Philadelphia Press*, was stricken with consumption, and died in that city in 1877.

The letters are a revelation. Here was an American without fortune, who had not only no desire to amass wealth, but no desire to prepare himself for a money-making profession. He despised education as a means, and culture as leading to anything but more culture. Learning and wisdom were sacred things, to be attained at whatever cost, and cherished as good in themselves, without question or argument. He went to Germany as a disciple of knowledge; his family, at a great sacrifice, proudly maintaining him there with entire comprehension and approval. A mind so unusual in this respect could not but be remarkable in others. His literary judgments, passed in the earlier seventies, read as if written yesterday, and, coming from other sources, are only now beginning to win approbation. His appraisals of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Mr. Swinburne are those of the best thought of to-day. His own verse is small in quantity, but admirable in content. His religious tolerance and breadth most of us regard as an emanation from the congresses at the Columbian Exposition. And so of other qualities, personal and intellectual.

He was, and the statement indicates the extent of Kansas's loss, a man of the end of the century, whose work broke off in its third quarter.

TINSEL

ST. EVA.—By *Amelia Pain*. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

SHE was a girl Rossetti would have sung to. She played on an ancient lute which her mother, who was all red shawl and front teeth, called a sad-sounding old thing. They lived in a home for incurable Philistines. Her voice had a 'cello quality, she thought *Lewes's Life of Goethe* thrilling, and she knew things sex-instinctively. She had a fashionable aunt who could look like a soiled flower.

He had eyebrows the color of a lemonade-bottle, and a racial nose. A pink carnation in his button-hole gave an extra darkness to his skin. Betimes he bestowed boxes of priceless orchids. Did he not fall heir to a baronetcy and twenty thousand pounds a year?

He said he loved her. She already loved him. He forgot about it. She was struck by lightning (literally) and died. He heard of it and sat with his head in his hands until the room grew chilly and uncomfortable. Then he went to bed.

There is a sentiment quoted in the book, "Deliver me from tinsel." And all of us. *Sæcula sæculorum*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CURA IN WAR TIME.—By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. 12mo. R. H. Russell. \$1.25.
THE DAY OF HIS YOUTH.—By Alice Brown. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL.—By J. Selwin Tait. 12mo. The Eskdale Press. \$1.00.
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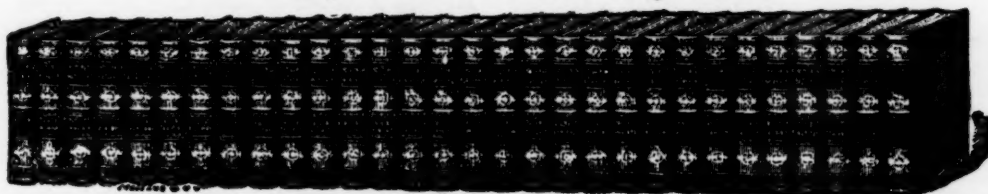
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